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### An Old Favorite with New Features.



# THE LIVING AGE,

Founded by E. Littell in 1844.

In 1896 the subscription price of The Living Age, which had been Eight Dollars a year, was reduced to Six Dollars. The effect of this change was to add hundreds of new names to the subscription lists.

Encouraged by this response to their efforts to enlarge the constituency and increase the usefulness of the magazine, the publishers now take pleasure in announcing to their readers several new features of interest which they propose to introduce. These include

First, the publication of occasional translations of noteworthy articles from the French, German, Spanish and Italian reviews and magazines.

Second, the addition of a Monthly Supplement containing three departments,

namely:

READINGS FROM AMERICAN MAGAZINES.
READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.
A LIST OF BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

The proposed Supplement will add about three hundred pages annually to the magazine, without any added cost to the subscribers, and without diminishing in the least the space given to the features which have made The Living Age for fifty-three years a household word among intelligent and cultivated readers.

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The first Monthly Supplement will be printed in November.

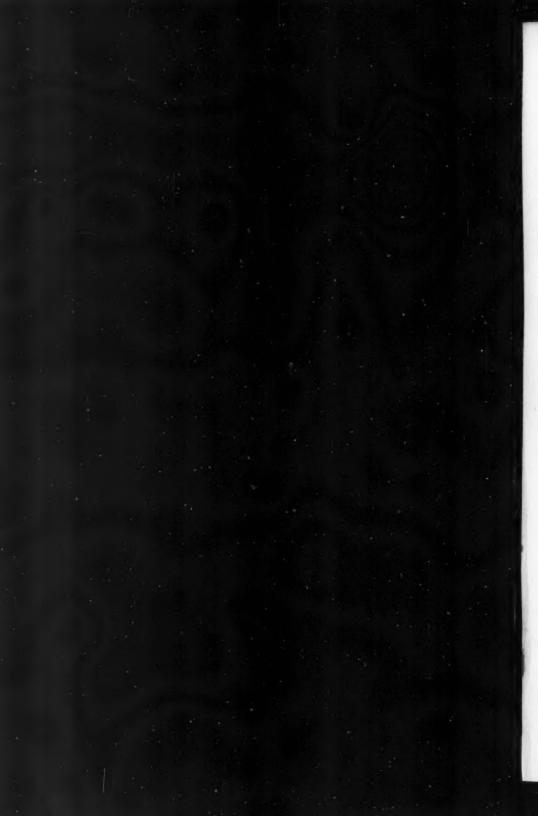
To New Subscribers remitting before November 1st (in which month the first of these new features will be introduced) will be sent gratis the intervening weekly issues from date of payment.

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### LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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From Beginning, Vol. CCX.

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## THE LIVING AGE COMPANY, BOSTON.

#### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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Single copies of the LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

#### THE ELGIN MARBLES.

I.

False Paris lied. Fairest of all was she, Whose fairest temple ever wrought with hands

Crowned the Acropolis. Despoiled it stands,

Its statue of great gold and ivory

The pirate's pillage from a foreign sea. Worse pirate he whose thieving title

brands

Its Phidian marbles borne to distant

Its Phidian marbles borne to distant lands,

Fair relics of fair vanished deity.

Nay, say not so. Had not Athene first, With all her muses, fled the ravaged shore?

When Greece bowed bondslave to the Turk accurst,

The goddess went where art had gone before.

When cannon battered frieze and pediment

From England Pallas for her treasures sent.

II.

In low relief about the shaded wall

The mighty sculptor cut, in stately
frieze.

The grave assembly of great deities,

Before whose daïs, in Jove's council hall, The chosen maidens bear the peplos, all Purfled with griffins, owls, and olive trees,

To deck Athene with its broideries, In high Panathenaic festival.

In guarded temple, prisoned and unwed,

Long months apart from home and love
they wrought,

Weaving the Tyrian dye and golden thread.

So sweet to serve her, with her robe they brought

A silver cup, their gift of grateful praise
For loveless youth and toilsome nights
and days.

III.

Forth came the sculptor from the temple shade.

And carved against the glowing Attic

A manlier story for his Parthenon. O'er thirty metopés the battle swayed; 'Twixt thirty triglyphs beardless warriors made

Brave contest, and brave conquest lightly won,

And drave the Centaurs, when the fight was done,

Back to the dimness of their forest glade.

Chiron is dead, the days forgot when he Taught Theseus how to bend his stripling bow.

The boy is man and leads the Lapithae;
To death and darkness the old masters
go.

And let them go! Why lingers outworn Truth,

When wiser Wisdom arms her eager youtn?

Academy. WILLIAM HAYES WARD.

#### FLOWERS INVISIBLE.

She'd watched the rose-trees how they grew

With green hands full of flowers;

Such flowers made their hands sweet, she knew,

But tenderness made ours.

So now, o'er fevered brow and eyes Two small cold palms she closes.

"Thanks, darling!" "Oh, mamma," she cries,

"Are my hands full of roses?"

W. CANTON.

If not without the blameless human tears By eyes which slowly glaze and darken shed,

Yet without questionings or fears

For those I leave behind when I am dead. Thou, Abba, know'st how dear

My little child's poor playthings are to her; What love and joy

She has in every darling doll and precious

Yet when she stands between my knees To kiss Good-night, she does not sob in sorrow.

"Oh, father, do not break or injure these!"
She knows that I shall fondly lay them by
For happiness to-morrow;
So leaves them trustfully.

And shall not I?

W. CANTON.

From The Scottish Review. HJALTLAND.

BY COLONEL T. P. WHITE.

"And wake the gales on Foula's steep Or lull wild Sumburgh's waves to sleep." (The Pirate.)

If the tourist finds it a far cry to the Orkneys, much more will he account it so to the Shetlands. For, whereas the Pentland Firth is but a span of six or seven miles across, reckoning from the Caithness shore to the nearest of the Orcadian islands-the northernmost land of Orkney and (excluding Fair Isle) the most southerly point of Zetland, Sumburgh Head, are separated by a fifty miles' interval of as turbulent Atlantic water as can be found over the wide world. But this distance by no means measures the length of the sea journey the British voyager to Hjaitland must perforce take. For, the shortest possible unbroken spell of shipboard is by steamer between Kirkwall and Lerwick, a passage of nine or ten hours, sometimes more, according to weather.

Thus, it might be inferred that the divergencies from the normal typical conditioning of the Scottish mainland would be still more marked in the isolated region of Zetland. And in regard of place-names, speech, history, traditions, manners, and customs, even to the aspects of the landscape of Hjaltland, this is so. The dullest observer could hardly fail to notice it. When it is remembered that the extreme northern point of the Shetland Isles is not much farther distant from the Norwegian coast than it is from the Caledonian mainland, it seems less strange to think of those isles as having once belonged to Norway as completely as do now the adjoining Faröes and Iceland to the sovereignty of Denmark.

As in Orkney, vestiges of early Christian settlements are strewn thick through the Shetlands. But the actual remains of the ancient church buildings are scanty and fragmentary; nor has Shetland anything to show, like the noble Minster of Kirkwall. As for the Pictish Towers (brughs or brochs), they also, as we shall see hereafter, abound

in the outer cluster of the Nordreys. Of incidents of domestic life, or those dramatic personal adventures which tinge with such vivid color the Saga story of Orcady, we have comparatively few concerning the homesteads and notables of Hjaltland. Still, there are ample to demonstrate the frequent visits of the Nordreyan Jarls and the kings of Norway to Zetland, and the constant intercourse which was maintained between the Scandinavian motherland and its dependencies in this northern Aegean of Britain. Substantially, the Norse history of Orkney is the Norse history of Zetland. The same suzerainty exercised from Bergen; the same dynasty of rival Jarls contending one with another for su-Betwixt the two insular groups fleets of galleys were continually sailing, bent on plunder or vengeful errand. Orkneyman and Hjaltlander had a like zest for wassail or war: the island homes of both were never secure from the foraying of swashbucklers. The clash and clang of arms were perennial: and, in the deadly sea-fights where ship engaged ship at close quarters, assuredly "every battle of the warriors" was "with confused noise and garments rolled in blood!"

From the artist's standpoint, Shetland, if we except the highly picturesque isle of Hoy, stands head and shoulders above Orkney for interest; Cultivated fields and vegetable patches are far less in evidence; for the most part the Zetland isles present wilder wastes of heath, more barren soil, duskier peatbogs interspersed with innumerable small lakes in the moorland But, above all, it is beyond question the desolate grandeur of the massive cliffs along the coastline, torn and shattered into shapes fantastic of stack, skerry, arch, and vaulted cavern, which in Shetland appeal so to the lover of seascape scenery.

In the domain of romance, again, Hjaltland must ever take a special place as having been made to captivate for all time the imagination of reading men and women in the pages of "The Pirate." For myself, if the egoism may

be excused. I may say it was the dream and aspiration of my life, ever since ou the verge of my teens I read that fascinating book, to see with my own eyes the rugged rifted precipices of Sumburgh and Fitful Head, to tramp the mosses of Dunrossness with Mordaunt Mertoun, to explore the ancient mansion of the convivial old Udaller, and to track the footsteps of the Sybil Norna through the principal scenes of her wanderings. And this, after long waiting, it was recently given me during two summers in some sort to do.

With these preliminary observations, I will ask the reader to make a start with me from Kirkwall by steamboat en route to the chief town of the Shetlands, Lerwick. Let us suppose it may be near about midsummertide, and not the typical British weather described by the Latin historian "foul with frequent storms and mists," though we may pray for this qualification as to the temperature.1 In this extremity of Britain at that season we shall be able to endorse the further observation of Tacitus that one may distinguish but little interval between the end and beginning of daylight. And if, wrapped up in an adequate overcoat you prefer sitting out on deck and can keep your eyes open, there is much to recompense you. Exquisite indescribable tints of sea and firmament, amber, opaline, roseate, cerulean; with perhaps a passing vessel or fishing lugger encountered dark and shadowy in the twilight. Then, over yonder, about midway in the great Sound which separates the two insular clusters, where we discern a brilliant light, is Fridarey (Fair Isle), its western face all cleft into lofty stacks and gios by the tremendous ocean-surge.

Fair Isle (isle of sheep) has quite a little history of its own. From its peculiar situation—an elevated holm lying in mid-sea between the Orkneys and a signal station were called into play

Shetlands-its manifest advantages as nearly eight hundred years back. For 1 "Cœlum crebris imbribus nebulisque fœdum: asperitas frigorum abest."-Tacitus, Agric. Vit., XII.

it was one of the chain of beacon-lights erected by Jarl Pall Hakonsson, the fires whereof were to be lit on the approach of foes from Hjaltland. Directly the Fair Isle beacon was kindled and visible, the fire-signal was repeated from Rinansay in Orkney, and so on in succession through other Orcadian isles. The first lightkeeper on Fridarey, so the Orkneyinga Saga tells us, was one Dagfinn Hlödverson, who on one occasion was tricked into lighting up his beacon by a false alarm, the result of which was to pass the alarm on to the Orkneys and so collect a great band of Jarl Páll's fighting men. Soon thereafter, a certain Eirik took Dagfinn's place in charge of the Fridarey beacon, and he in his turn was outwitted by Uni (of Earl Rögnvald's following), who, under false pretences, got temporary custody of the beacon, and when no one was near drenched the fuel-pile with water. Whereupon it fell out that, on the coming south of Jarl Rögnvald and his warrior-band from Hialtland, it was impossible to light the beacon; and so they were got to Westray or ever Earl Paul could be given timely warning of their movements. It was to Fridarey, also, that the renowned rover, Swein Asleifson, once had to betake himself for shelter in stress of weather with twelve of his galleys.

Coming down the centuries, we may picture to ourselves a scene of different complexion in these waters and upon our little lone islet. When Drake and Howard, in that memorable August of 1588, had crippled and discomfitted the Spaniard in the chops of the English Channel, and when even the stars in their courses had begun to fight against him, the great Armada, still numbering one hundred and twenty vessels, was driven by the elements to steer for the Orkneys, and try to work back to Spain by way of the Pentland Strait and outside Ireland. With the pen of a pastmaster in graphic description, James Anthony Froude at this point in the drama reveals to us the situation:-

With "a sea growing wilder as they

passed the shelter of the Scotch coast," the ships "lost sight of each other for nearly a week. On the 9th-19th [August] the sky lifted, and Calderon found himself with the Almirante of Don Martinez de Recalde, the galleon of Don Alonzo, the San Marcos, and twelve other vessels. Sick signals were flying all round, and the sea was so high that it was scarcely possible to lower a boat. The large ships were rolling heavily, their wounded sails had been split by the gusts, and masts and yards carried away. That night it again blew hard. The fog closed in once more, and the next morning Calderon was alone on the open sea without a sail in sight, having passed between the Orkneys and the Shetlands. Recalde and da Leyva had disappeared with their consorts, having, as Calderon conjectured, gone north."

Calderon luckily was able to catch up Medina Sidonia and the main body of the fleet miles outside Cape Wrath, but Recalde and Alonzo da Leyva with five-and-twenty ships, steered northwest after passing the Orkneys. "They went on," says Froude, "to latitude 62°," shaping course for Iceland, but "the wild west wind came down once more." What a wild wester or nor'wester here must have meant to the hapless crews of Andalusians, Catalans, and Castilians, only those who have been out in such gales can realize.

One galleon was driven on the Faröe Isles; the rest turned about, and made for the Shannon or Galway. . . . A second was lost on the Orkneys.

Though Fair Isle, as a matter of fact, is classed among the Shetlands, it was doubtless to the wreck of a galleon or transport on this desolate spot that the historian was referring. The ship was El Gran Grifon, belonging to the squadron (8th division of the fleet) commanded by Don Juan Gomez de Medina. Two hundred or more of the crew (soldiers and sailors) managed to get ashore, of whom-for we know many of the galleons were desperately short of victual and without fresh water-some died of starvation, thirst, or both; and some were thrown over the cliffs or otherwise despatched by the islesmen. A circumstantial and highly interest-

ing narrative of the Spaniards' reception and doings during their five or six weeks' stay in the island is supplied by James Melvill, who fell in with the strangers, and extracted from them a recital of their adventures. The Zetlanders appear to have regarded the unfortunate foreigners with horror and apprehension as bringers of famine to the island; nay worse, as emissaries of the Prince of Darkness sent to eat them up.1 Ultimately, the shipwrecked aliens got over to Dunrossness, and from thence to Dunkerque, calling in at Anstruther on the voyage south. These Spaniards, says Melvill, were "for the maist part young, beardless men, sillie, trauchled (worn out), and hungered." The minister and bailies of the ancient Fire town, compassionating their sorry case, fed them for a day or two on "kail, porridge, and fish." On reaching France, Gomez de Medina showed his grateful sense of this kindness by making interest for the release of an Anstruther ship then detained in arrest at Calais.

The current story is that the remnant of the castaway Spaniards beguiled their enforced leisure in Fair Isle by teaching the natives how to dye and weave, after the fashions of Cadiz and Malaga, the quaint patterns in woolwork, for which the island is still famed. Likewise, it has been supposed that in the physiognomies and complexions of some of the islanders one may still see traces of the consorting of the swarthy Spaniard with the Zetland women. As to the Spaniard's supposed weaving lessons, the tradition or common idea has certainly obtained large acceptance, and figures in many published works. On the other hand, an eminent archæologist has represented to me with much force that, considering the brief stay of the Iberians in Fair Isle and the determined hostility shown to them by the islanders, the popular notion hardly holds water. Moreover, there is the fact that the dyes used in the Fair Isle worsted work are pro-

<sup>1</sup> See the "Diary of Mr. James Melvill" (Banmatyne Club), p. 174; and an account by Monteith of Egilsay, written in 1633. duced from the lichens and peaty matter indigenous to the islands, while both dyes and patterns of the yarns appear to be much the same as those generally met with throughout the Scottish Isles.

My first introduction to Hjaltland proper was in one of those dense seafogs which, evolved from the warm currents of the Gulf Stream, are so common in Shetland waters, especially during the months of July and August. We had been steaming alternately halfspeed or dead slow for some hours, swaying about in the long swell of the Roost of Sumburgh, and ceaselessly sounding our fog whistle. We had crept unawares into some spot in the Dunrossness peninsula near enough to make out for a moment a grim beetling precipice, when the mist closed again. Thereafter nothing whatever was visible till, all in an instant, a gap opened in the dense vapor, and there abreast of the steamer loomed up a huge rampart of dark rock fissured and caverned, with a glimpse of a grand natural archway at its extremity, and above it the white walls and buildings of a lighthouse. The array of stern-faced cliffs turned out to be the southern shore of the isle of Bressay, and the point surmounted by the lighthouse was Kirkabister Ness. Here rounding the corner of the coast-line we pass a cluster of houses and the site of the ancient chapel of St. John, which evidently gave the Ness its name. A couple of miles onward the steamer enters Bressay Sound (Breideyarsund), and, curving in sharply to westward, unfolds to us a very striking and picturesque view of the town, shipping, and fine sheltered harbor, of Lerwick, the Zetland capital. Half an hour later we are alongside the quay and ashore on the main isle of Hjaltland.

No visitor should leave Lerwick without if possible making a day's excursion to the island of Noss lying outside Bressay; for its eastern cliffs are undoubtedly a marvel of wild and desolate grandeur hardly to be matched in the circuit of Great Britain. From Lerwick quay we can boat or ferry across to the western side of Bressay, landing near about the old church by the Voe or creek of Leiraness. Or, again, one can land at the jetty below Maryfield. where I believe it is customary to apply for permission to visit Noss. here it is a pleasant walk of some two and a half to three miles over the hill (that is, the dorsal ridge of the island) past two lochs to Brough. As one mounts the hill-slope and looks back toward the stone-built town across the Strait, one can fancy the stirring and picturesque scene on the waters of Breideyarsund during that memorable summer of 1263. For here it was that, after two days' sail from Bergen, King Hakon's great armada first dropped their anchors, and stayed a month ere they pushed on southward to the Orkneys. In the euphuistic diction of the Hakon Saga "no scarer of dragons saw ever together more numerous hosts" than these of "the puissant farrenowned monarch," "the wise and glorious prince," who had brought with him in his "sea-borne wooden coursers" priests, chamberlains, and fighting men "breakers of tempered metals," to settle once for all who should be permanent sovereign of the Western Isles. And three centuries later Kirkcaldy of Grange, who, with Murray of Tullibardine, after Carberry fight made sail for the Orkneys in hot pursuit of the fugitive Bothwell, was wrecked in the ship Unicorn on a reef outside Bressay Sound.1 French and Spanish vessels, too, have been in these waters upon hostile errands against the Hollander, either fighting his warships or damaging his fishing craft.

From the eastern shore of Bressay one may have to signal for the ferry-boat to come over from the Noss side, sometimes—especially if it be a sea-fog as on the day I was there—by shouting a hail at the top of one's voice across the Sound of Noss, a narrow strait only a couple of hundred yards or more in width, but a veritable roost (röst) for the rapidity of its current. Having

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> See Schiern's "Life of James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell," translated by D. Berry. Edinburgh: Douglas, 1880.

landed and passed the ruin of a little ancient chapel overlooking Nesti Voe, and the adjoining farmstead, the best route, if we want thoroughly to explore the majestic cliffs, is to make their entire circuit or nearly so, a walk of perhaps four miles. Skirting the Voe of Mels and holding to the right along the cliff edge, we find ourselves mounting and mounting; the crags growing ever higher and higher, caverns and rock crannies gloomier and wilder, screams of sea-fowl shriller in chorus, boom of the breakers albeit in remote depths below yet more thunderous in its rumbling echoes.

For the island is a sort of down or sloping heathy plain tilted up towards the east or seaward side, where the cliffs attain their highest altitude, and drop abruptly and almost vertically into the sea. When the extreme southern point of the island, Fladda Ness, is reached, the line of precipice takes a sharp turn to the left, and we find ourselves on the verge of a sheer and profound chasm over against the Holm of Noss. This holm is a tiny rock-islet, walled all round with a precipitous face, but flattened atop into a small area or plot of scant herbage, which in the breeding-season is a perfect aviary of sea-birds, chiefly gulls of sorts, swartbacks and kittiwakes, and puffin. Here they swarm, nest, and rear their broous, and across the narrow but tremendous abysm one sees them crowded together over the guano-bleached flat in serried rows, sitting or standing, and filling the air with their alarmed and discordshrieks. Yet, notwithstanding one's presence in full view, with the instinct of wild creatures they seem to realize the assurance of safety for themselves, their eggs, or their young, afforded by the isolation of their nesting place.

At one time a frail rope and cradlebridge spanned the intervening chasm, by which the few sheep of the islet could pasture were wont to be conveyed over to it season by season. This rude sling-bridge was first put in use about the middle of the seventeenth century, the cradle or conveyancecar being a box large enough to carry a man holding a sheep between his legs.

From the Holm, all the way up the ascent of Setter to the Noup or Head of Noss, is one succession of recessed gios, underscarped with caves and perpendicular cliffs, with vantage-points here and there whence to look ahead round the sweep of Rumble Wick (the rumbling bay) to the majestic culminating steep of the Noup, a plumb-drop of close on six hundred feet. Then, if one has a good head, and will peer down over the edge of the great precipices, an extraordinary concourse of birds may be seen perched, rank below rank, along the ledges and projections far down in the dark gulfs below; those on the lowermost shelves, mostly cormorants, craning out their long scraggy necks over the ceaseless surf and dashed with its spray, while the swartback gulls sit higher up motionless, brooding stolidly out over the water, some of them (the younger birds) so close under your nose that you could almost touch them with a long stick. Then drop a stone or two among the conclave, and out from the walls of the Rumbling amphitheatre the birds will flash and flurry in the wildest pell-mell confusion, with an indescribable din of screeches, and alight at length, a legion of minute black and white specks far out in the dark heaving cauldron of waters below. One more note I made was that, seen from the brink of the highest acclivities, the gulls, as they flew about near the cliff-base, looked so diminutive as to suggest the idea of white, fluttering butterflies.

Such, then, are the wild aspects of nature to be had in a day's walk round the rock-ramparts of outlying Noss.

Facing inland from the Noup, one sees nought but a sloping plain of rough pasturage descending to the point we started from. Traversing this plain my companion and I came across mushrooms in great abundance and fine condition, but, curiously, these do not appear to be prized in Shetland, for the tenant of the island-farmhouse by the chapel told us he had never heard or

thought of making any use of them. When we told him the price these mushrooms would fetch per pound in an English market, he and his wife seemed utterly astonished.

Bressay Island deserves a day's exploration to itself. The gios, stacks, caverns, and cliff-arches along the rifted stretch of shore, which converges wedge-like to the promontory of Bard, are something to be remembered. besides Kirkabister, already mentioned, there are the ruins of two other ancient churches-St. Olaf's, at the north end of the island, overlooking Aith Voe, and St. Mary's on the shores of the Voe of Culbinsburgh. It was near the Culbinsburgh church that a memorial-slab was found bearing rude Christian emblems, plait-work patterns of the so-called Runic style, and an inscription in Ogham characters. these we may add some archaic tumuli, and the indications of the Brough or Picts' Tower which has fastened its cachet upon a neighboring loch and farmstead. And there are many lakes in the island, one of them named from a solitary monolith or menhir near by, "Loch of the Standing Stone." Here, too, as throughout Hjaltland, a glance at the maps of the National Survey suffices to locate us at once in old Norseland, for the Icelandic topographical nomenclature abounds; such placeas Grimsetter. Wadbister. names Sweyn Ness, Gunnista, along with the garths, holms, ayres, taings, and gios, repeated from our Orkney experiences. but with the foreign smack in yet greater measure. Nor must I forget the diminutive, shaggy Shetland ponies, herds of which, mares and foals, run wild on Bressay, and are a ruling feature of the landscape. "Long-backed and short-legged," says Sir Walter Scott, "more resembling wild bears than anything of the horse tribe. The stallions are, I believe, or were, segregated on Noss Island. The object is to reduce to the utmost the size of this breed of ponies in order to fit them for draught service in the mines. It is almost sad to think of the fate of these poor little shelties, for the most part destined to be transported from the free, fresh air of their native moors and buried underground away from the daylight, never to re-ascend the dismal shaft for a glint of sunlight or a sniff of pure atmosphere.

Lerwick, the chief town of the County of Zetland, has in great measure the primitive aspects of Orcadian Kirkwall and Stromness, especially of the latter: yet it has withal certain distinct characteristics of its own. Its main street has the same narrow and tortuous peculiarities we noted in the Orkney towns, and is paved like them with large flagstones, but without the central carriage track. A feature of the shops of Lerwick is the exquisite knitting in shawls, neckerchiefs, etc., almost rivalling lace work in fineness, and as soft as the Indian muslins of our younger days. The best specimens fetch high prices. Then, there are the comely and picturesquely clad Hjaltland women to be admired, ruddy and weather-tanned, brisk and bright-eyed. Of Sunday evenings, one notices the curious separation of the sexes. The male folk would be seen either marching about in groups or seated in rows by themselves on suburban walls and palings; while the girls and women in knots of three or four together would be strolling up and down the streets with linked arms, very much as is the wont of the paysannes in Brittany.

Naturally, all peasant women in Shetland can row; and wherever one meets them along the country roads or on the moorlands, it is generally with an enormous peat creel on their backs, and incessantly knit-knitting as they walk. I was much struck with this: so also with the delightfully frank sympathetic manners and kindly aspect of the Zetland women folk everywhere. Their comeliness, too, as I have said, is quite noticeable. Frames shapely and well-grown, and this notwithstanding their prevailing poverty and necessarily spare diet: light-brown hair, dark blue or violet eyes and well-marked lashes. An Iberian brunette strain is to be traced here and there among them, revealing itself in dark hazel eyes,

black tresses, and slightly swarthy or olive complexion; but these are the exception. Their manner of salutation, too, accent, and colloquial phrases, have something of foreign flavor; different from the Orkney speech, different from the accost and intonation of the mainland Scots. In converse with them, a common expression of assent with your views of things in general will be "that's true," or "Ay indeed and that's exactly true," or "Weel and that's right, too." Another quaint way of expressing surprise at something said, was "I hear you." These and such like characteristics give a dash of genuine salt to one's intercourse with these Hjaltland folk: a spice of piquancy refreshing indeed at this fag-end of our siècle, when the smart and the superfine and the "up-to-date" have well-nigh played out every possible sensation of humanity.

Lerwick is still a great centre of the Shetland herring fishery; but its halcyon days, when the Dutch Mynheers used to swarm over with an immense fleet of smacks, and almost crowd out the Zetlanders from their own chief town, are long gone by. Yet even in these days some hundreds of the Hollanders' boats find their way across the North Sea to Bressay Sound during the annual fishing season; and doubtless still achieve in miniature a little of the smuggling of Schnapps and Schiedam, tobacco, and other miscellanea, which once gave a flourishing contraband trade to the great Netherlands fleet fishing year by year in Zetland waters.

Most of the writers of topical treatises on Shetland have hitherto assumed it to be the *Thule* of the ancient geographers. The great Sir Walter, with a romancist's license, gives expression to the same idea all through "The Pirate." And when recently the town of Lerwick was granted municipal armorial bearings, the motto adopted in the coat was taken from Tacitus—"dispecta est Thule." Ctesias of Cnidios, Diogenes Antonius, and Pytheas of Massilia, the Humboldt of his day, who in the course of his explora-

tions penetrated far north into the Scandinavian waters, wrote Thule. The name was familiar to Strabo; it was known to Pliny and Juvenal; and Virgil in one of his poetic flights sings of "ultima Thule." Modern compilations of the "Orbis veteribus notus," based upon the geography of Claudius Ptolemaeus, label Shetland as Thule. Tacitus, moreover, when making mention of the circumnavigation of Duncansby Head by Agricola's fleet and the discovery of the Orkneys, proceeds to tell us that "Thule, till now obscured by snow and winter, was descried." And, to make the prevalent theory square with this passage, it has been inferred that the rocky outlying isle of Foula with its lofty heights and precipices may have been the part of Shetland alluded to as visible from the Roman ships.

The most recent discussion, however, on this vexed question seems to bring to light in the older designation of the name of Iceland the true Thule. "Houl-i" (Celtice, "Isle of the Sun"), suggesting the classic "sol" "helios," passes easily into the "Thyle" of the venerable Bede; into Thile, and the Thule no less of the Irish monk Dicuil than of the ancients; all signifying that in the vast sombre volcanic yet glacial island, the sun at about the summer solstice stayed above the horizon for days together. "No other island" (than Iceland), says Mr. Benediktsson, "corresponding with the earliest descriptions, could have been known to the ancient Greek writers in which the sun for days never set."1

This may seem rather a long dissertation about the meaning of a placename. But, in view of the persistency with which modern writers upon Shetland have claimed for it identity with

<sup>1</sup> See an interesting paper read before the Viking Club, by Einar Benediktsson, entitled "The Ancient Thule or the Isle of Sun," 21st February, 1896 The president of this learned society, in closing the discussion, told the meeting that "he had came there as a Shetlander prepared to resent any attempt to locate Thule elsewhere than in Shetland, but he was bound to say the lecturer had converted him."

the classical Thule, what I have said may not be out of place.

And now I must take the reader with me to explore the long narrow peninsula which stretches away five-andtwenty miles nearly due south from Lerwick, and terminates in Dunrossness (Dynröstarnes, promontory of the Roost or tide-race). From the circumstance of its being the main arena in which the characters of Scott's "Pirate" play their parts, this tract of country acquires an especial interest. Here one can trace out many of the scenes and localities presented to us by the great novelist, breathe his romantic atmosphere, and verify for oneself the remarkable fidelity of his coloring and delineations.

The peninsula is by no means accessible. That is to say, there is one road along its eastern side from Lerwick to the region of Sumburgh and Fitful Heads, but no practicable public conveyance, so that the visitor is driven to hire a pair-horsed carriage if he wauts to transport himself and his baggage to those parts. We will suppose the reader thus provided for, and on his way, if he has bespoken them, to the only habitable tourists' lodgings thereaway, namely, the house near Spiggle, belonging to the estimable brothers Henderson, fishery agents, farmers, universal providers-and one of them a notable "master in Israel" to boot.

About a mile out of the Zetland capital, the road passes a most picturesque little lake, the Loch of Clickhimin, from the shore of which a spit or neck of land runs out into its waters. At the point of this spit is a remarkable example of one of those defensive circular towers. variously styled "Pictish towers," "brochs," "broughs," "borgs," "burghs," to which we were introduced in Orkney. All over our northern archipelago these objects of antiquity cluster thick. They are numerous also in Caithness. Sutherland, and some of the Hebridean isles; and a few isolated specimens are met with elsewhere on the Scottish mainland. They were built without cement, with no windows or apertures in the external walls except usually a small contracted doorway. The walls were enormously thick, and contained galleries or chambered spaces sometimes with ascending spiral stair-From three to four score of ways. these towers have been traced in the Shetlands; about an equal number in Orkney: a like number in Caithness, Sutherland, and the Western Isles respectively, bringing up the total to over three hundred and fifty. The invading Norsemen, we know from the Sagas. found many a "borg" standing when they established themselves in these northern parts of Albyn. But we have no written record of the people or race who built the towers: the only clue to what manner of folk they were is to be sought in the relics found within the buildings. The borg dwellers used rude pottery, and "there is abundant evidence," says Anderson, "that they were not only expert hunters and fishers, but that they kept flocks and herds, grew grain and ground it by handmill, practised the arts of spinning and weaving. had ornaments of gold of curious workmanship and were not unskilled workers in bronze and iron."1 It has been usual to conjecture them as the aboriginal Picts or Celts of the country, for lack of any certain information.

Leaving Clickhimin, we pass first the head of the Voe of Sound, a tidal water famous for its autumnal sea-trout fishing, and next two lonely lochs buried in dark peat mosses. Then at the "Hollander's Knowe" the road leaves the highway to Scalloway, making a sharp turn, and in another mile or so we are abreast of the Bay of Gulberwick. Some spot in or near this picturesque inlet was the scene in the twelfth century of one of those stirring incidentsin this case a shipwreck-which the old Sagas are given to record with such vividness and circumstantiality. our Orkney excursions, it will be remembered, the personality of a mighty Jarl of the Nordreys, Rögnvald Kali, came conspicuously to the front. He it was who brought over a crusading band from Norway, and spent a winter in the Orkneys en route to Jorsalaland.

<sup>1</sup> Orkney Saga, Introd., p. cx.

It was while this expedition was being organized in Norway that Earl Rögnvald set out thence homeward bound for the Orkneys, intending to pass two winters there. The Norwegian king, Ingi, to speed him on his voyage, gave Rögnvald two longships, small but swift and very beautiful. Of these one named Fifa was assigned to the earl's young kinsman, Jarl Harald: the other, the Hjálp. Earl Rögnvald reserved for himself. In these vessels on a certain Tuesday night the two earls put to sea, holding westward with a fair wind. "But on the day following," says the Saga, "there was a great storm, and in the evening they saw land." It was very dark, and breakers beset them on all sides: insomuch that there was no choice but to run the ships ashore, which they did on a narrow and strong beach engirt with crags. All hands on board were saved, but great part of the stores were lost, though some afterwards washed up as wreckage. Through all the turmoil and peril Earl Rögnvald was very blithe, and heartened up his crews by singing snatches of Scaldic song. The earl sent off a dozen of his men to Einar of Gulberwick to crave shelter, and meanwhile the shipwrecked Norseman distributed themselves among neighboring farmsteads. Rögnvald lived a long time in Hjaltland after this untoward mishap, and then fared on to his Orkney dominions, whence he returned to Norway to make his final preparations at Bergen for the crusading voyage to the East.

A little further along our route are two more Pictish Towers, one on the lonely lake of Brindister, the other on a projecting cape known as the Brough of Burland: and next we descend on the church and hamlet of Quarff. Here the peninsula of Dunrossness narrows to less than two miles in width, and a valley runs across it from sea to sea, connecting the East and West Voes of the parish. The advantages of this natural hollow traversing the isthmus suggest themselves in the place-name Quarff, which I believe is in Norse "Hvarp" (Warp), the equivalent of the

Tarbert, or Tarbet, of Celtic Scotland; where boats and small vessels could be warped, towed, or dragged along overland upon rollers between the shores of two separate waters. The Norsemen were well up to this kind of work. King Magnus Berfættr accomplished it at Tarbert (Tara-bart, draw-boat) in Loch Fyne eight centuries back. So did royal Hakon in 1263, when, transporting some of his fleet from the ocean at Arrochar in Loch Long, he relaunched them at Tarbet in Loch Lomond, and was able to ravage its beautiful shores and to scourge the Colquhoun country with impunity. Here at Quarff, for vessels hailing from Lerwick on the eastern side of Hjaltland and bound for Scalloway or the havens on the western side, the shortcut across Quarff isthmus would not only save some fifty miles of coasting, but also avoid the risks and rampage of the tides of the terrible Dynröst.

Proceeding-with magnificent vistas of cliff, headland and ocean expanse both near and far, notably the southern crags of Bressay,-we pass Fladdabister, and reach the tract of Cunningsburgh, whose native habitants are said to be of ancient British descent-Pictish or Celtic rather than Norse-and to have lacked the islanders' customary virtue of hospitality. The long promontory of Helli Ness, screening its taing, holm, and skerry, stretches away to our left; and, passing another ruined brough at Mail and the site of an ancient Celtic church of St. Columba, we sight at the far-end of the deep bay abreast of us the island of Mousa, and the ruin of its famed tower standing dark and solitary by the water's edge. Soon we round a little rocky inlet (Wick of Sandsayre), and drop down upon a cluster of cottages and a pier, near to which is Sand Lodge, the residence of a member of the present ruling family in Dunrossness. Here it is necessary to obtain permission to visit the isle of Mousa, a permission given as a matter of course to any respectable stranger, and accompanied in my own case with much courtesy, assistance, and friendly hospitality. The Sound of Mousa, the

passage betwixt the island and mainland, is perhaps three-quarters of a mile wide; but if one takes a boat across from Sand Lodge pier as I did, and makes straight for the "Castle of Mousa," the distance comes to near about two miles.

The borg, or "Castle" so-called) of Mousa, is perhaps the most perfect and typical example of its class extant. There is one among a small group of these Picts' Towers surviving in a valley of Glenelg, Inverness-shire, which for completeness and preservation (when I saw it three or four and twenty years ago) would rank as a good second to Mousa.1 But Mousa has the superior reputation, and, from its having more than once figured in historic times, has secured an interest such as to make it the premier antiquity of Shetland, or very much what Maeshowe among the chambered tumuli is in relation to the Orkney Isles.

The tower of Mousa stands over forty feet high, and consists of a ring or circular wall of masonry enclosing a small internal area or court of about ten yards diameter. The ring-wall is of immense thickness, and is hollowed inside into a number of galleries built one over the other in tiers by means of horizontal cross-slabs, these slabs serving also to bond the masonry of the wall. A rude stone stairway ascending spirally within the wall connects the galleries, and there are openings here and there from the galleries into the court, doubtless to provide light and ventilation. On the ground level three small oval-shaped and domed cells or chambers are built in the thickness of the wall next the court, and are entered from it. Whether the tower was originally roofed in or not is uncertain; the court is now open to the sky. Altogether this structure has a singular and primeval aspect, and its tapering yet partially bulging profile, as seen from the outside, with no external

The other Saga story associated with Mousa sets forth how Jarl Harald (Maddadson), wroth with Erlend Ungi for daring to woo his (Harald's)widowed mother Margaret, sought to slay Erlend; how Erlend collected men and carried off Margaret from Orkney to Hjaltland, making for Mousa; how he, the lady, and his followers, ensconced themselves in the borg; how he made preparations for defence. Earl Harald pursued the fugitives and blockaded Moseyjar-borg, but found it a tough nut to crack. Then followed negotiations which ended in a reconciliation, and Erlend Ungi was allowed to wed the earl's mother and become his man.3

Just opposite Mousa, on the mainland, at the point of Hoga in Burraland, another burgh can be traced; and beyond this juts out the curious peninsula of "No Ness," caverned, and at one spot tunnelled through by a

aperture except the entrance doorway, heighten the impression of its strangeness and antiquity. And then the utter desolateness of the spot, situated as the tower is on the very verge of the fissured and surf-lashed rocks of this tiny islet.

The tower or "Castle" of Mousa (Moseyjar-borg) figures twice in the Norse Sagas; and, curiously, in both cases, the incidents related in connection with it are the old, old storyelopements. The earlier record occurs in the Saga of Egill Skalagrimson, the warrior-poet, and refers to a period about A.D. 900.2 A certain Bjorn Brynulfson cast eyes on the daughter of Thora Roald, and, for that his sire was obdurate and refused sanction to their marriage, the lovers fled away from Norway over sea, and were shipwrecked on Mousa Isle. Bjorn managed to get his cargo safe to land, and in this forlorn tower he and his love celebrated their union, passing the winter here; thereafter they escaped to Iceland. Thus even at this early date Bjorn's coming to Mousa the borg was apparently deserted.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> See a detailed account of the Glenelg brochs with woodcut in I think the third of a series of illustrated articles contributed by the present writer to Good Words (May to September, 1874), entitled "On the West Coast."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Orkney Saga (Anderson), Introd., p. cxi.

Orkney Saga, chap., xcii.

subterranean passage, and having a Liliputian lake at its extremity.

Returning to Sandwick, we have a singularly wild bit of country to traverse en route to Spiggie. A narrow road winds about till we reach the Bay of Channerwick, and here two ways part, one route keeping to the east side of the long dorsal ridge of the peninsula from Gord Hill to Ward of Scousburgh, the other crossing the ridge and skirting its western slopes. The latter was the route I took, and it has the advantage of opening up a perfect panorama of the majestic western cliffs of Dunrossness, and bringing into view below you the fine crags and green downs of St. Ninian's Isle, a spot of very remote and saintly traditions. A narrow elongated mole or spit of seabeach connects this little isle with the Vestiges of the ancient mainland. church with its burial-ground and Holy Well are still visible, and a walk round the island reveals along its seamarge a wonderful series of detached holms, rock-stacks, caverns, and a fine natural archway.

A whole chapter of "The Pirate" is devoted to this highly venerated ruin-"the haunted kirk of St. Ringan" as Swertha styled it—which in Scott's time was evidently half-buried in the sanddrift. Here, he tells us, "the rude and ignorant fishermen of Dunrossness" were wont to come with offerings they had vowed to the saint, and drop them in at the little lancet window. Within the sacred walls passing seafarers at times would see by night phantom lights foreboding wrecks and disaster. And to this weird spot came the elder Mertoun to consult Norna, and inside the old churchyard he found "the dame of doubt and dread" chanting incantations over the tomb of an ancestral warrior.

It is something of a surprise to meet with the renowned hermit-saint of Whithorn and "Candida Casa" in this boreal outpost of the British Isles. Yet that the halo of his name spread to these remote northern parts of Alban is evidenced by dedications to St. Ninian or Ringan, at Rinansey and South

Ronaldsay in Orkney, in Sutherland, in Caithness, and here in Zetland. Traces, too, of other Scoto-Irish missionary apostles are still found in religious sites scattered throughout the Orkney-Shetland archipelago; there were probably many more such sites now lost to us. For, from the notices of former writers as Jo Ben, Hibbert, Low, Brand, Sibbald, and others, it is certain that ancient Christian foundations abounded Hjaltland. As late as the last century the three northernmost of the Zetland isles, Unst, Yell, and Fetlar, possessed among them no less than five-and-fifty recognizable remnants of churches or chapels.1 The conclusion generally accepted respecting these commemorative Catholic sites is that we are to recognize in the Nordreys two distinct strains of national currents: (1) the Celtic element in the plantations of the Scoto-Hibernian anchorites, these probably being the earlier in date, and (2) the Scandinavian element with an aftertinge from the crusading fervor as seen in votive ascriptions of churches to St. Olaf, St. Magnus, St. Peter, St. John, Holy Cross, etc., etc.

A couple of miles beyond St. Ninian's Isle bring us to the beautiful Bay of Scousburgh. Then, passing the little cluster of cottages similarly named, we mount the final hill of the journey, and, descending a by-road, arrive at our destination—a long, low range of buildings with shop and farm-steading attached, looking out over the fine Loch of Spiggle and away across it to the uplands of Fitful Head.

"How refreshing," wrote Edward Fitzgerald to Fanny Kemble of one of Scott's novels, "is the leisurely easy movement of the story, with its true and well harmonized variety of scene and character." Much the same may be said of "The Pirate," but perhaps what one notes most in that romantic story is the singular fidelity with which the great master has caught and limned for us the sombre coloring, fantastic forms, changeful moods, and strange underlying mystery withal, of nature's

<sup>1</sup> See Ork. Saga (Anderson)-Introd., p. xv.

architecture in Hjaltland. What, for example, could better bring before us the impressive grandeur and twilight hyemal gloom of the seascape than this description of the scenery of Dunrossness, in which Mordaunt Mertoun passed his later boyhood. "Precipices and headlands, many hundred feet in height-amid perilous straits and currents and eddies-long sunken reefs of rock, over which the vivid ocean foams and boils-dark caverns to whose extremities neither man nor skiff has ever ventured-lonely and often uninhabited isles-and occasionally the ruins of ancient northern fastnesses dimly seen by the feeble light of the Arctic winter." Or, again, Minna Troil's weatherwise warnings to Mordaunt before the great storm. "Oh, the morning mist lies heavy upon yonder chain of isles. . . . The fowl are winging their way to the shore and the sheldrake seems, through the mist, as large as the scart. See the very sheerwaters and bonxies (skua gulls) are making to the cliffs for shelter." And how wonderfully in touch and harmony with the character of this peculiar scenery is the figure of Minna. She loved Hjaltland; her spirit rose to its inward charm; "the love of natural objects was to her a passion." In Sir Walter's time sentiment and romantic imaginings had not been killed out of the Minnas and Brendas of the social circle by the brusque deportment and tomboy diversions of the modern mannish matterof-fact young woman, who has neither leisure nor palate for much else than the latest phases and crazes of fashionable excitement.

So, then, at Spiggle—with Sumburgh Cape and Fitful Head each within the compass of an easy day's walk—we seem to feel we have reached the main arena of the "Great Unknown's" story, and can pursue our rambles round the cliffs with an intense interest.

To reach Fitful Head from the Spiggie domicile, it is best to get down at once to the seashore and climb to the slopes of Fora Ness, making for the edge of the cliffs, which are full of indentations, each revealing in suc-

cession a new picture. From one of the gios here there is an especially grand view, worth a day's walk for itself, looking towards the great rockstack of Gray Noup and the "Nev" of Fitful Head beyond. One immense slanting rock-shelf here with a fairly even surface was simply alive with disturbed gulls hovering and screaming in mid-air; and a curious thing I noticed was their shadows projected on the cliff-face in the bright sunshine. giving the effect of dark phantom duplicates of the birds flitting about. The whole way on is an ascent, round the Wick of Shanni, along the precipices of the "Windy Stacks" and past "Rushy Cups," till the summit of the Head, a line of lofty clifted steeps two miles long, is attained, 928 feet above the sea. A spot frightfully exposed to all the winds of heaven, bare, sternfaced, desolate, and, meteorologically speaking, eminently fltful. Truly a congenial haunt for the "Reim-kennar" and witch-seer, Norna. A long spur, Siggar Ness, garnished with stacks and skerries, sticks out from the southern extremity of Fitful Head, and another very bold scarped promontory, Garths Ness, interposes before we arrive at the fine sheltered Bay of Quendale.

It was to this bay that the shipwrecked Spaniards from Fair Isle were conveyed, and here they were lodged awhile and hospitably treated by a Zetland odaller till passage for France could be got for them. And into this inlet, we are told, some fifty years since, a prodigious shoal of whales numbering many hundreds was driven and captured in two or three hours. I remember a visit to this charmingly situated bay on a certain first of July. The day was one of brilliant sunshine, and a delicious little sandy nook, shut in by rock ledges baked hot under the solar rays, tempted one to bathe. But the sea-water was intensely cold, rather surprisingly so considering the air temperature and time of year. I had no towel, but was very soon sun-dried.

For Sumburgh Head another day should be reserved. The conformation of the peninsula of Dunrossness, it may here be observed, is not unlike that of Italy: a long boot with a toe and heel. The heel is Fitful Head with its backing of hill slopes. The toe is the cape of Sumburgh, with an offshooting spur or prong, Scatness.

From Spiggie, one's way to Sumburgh is to get round the Loch of Brow, and strike the highway near the parish church. The road then runs about due south two or three miles, crossing the Ward Hill, till the little inlet, Virkie Pool, where the toe narrows to an isthmus, is reached. Here the road forks, one branch conducting to Scatness, the other continuing across the "Links of Sumburgh," towards the bluff promontory which is the main objective of our walk. These "links" are a delightful breezy stretch of low heathy sandhills, clothed with short, crisp turf of velvety verdure interspersed in the floweret season with king-cups and large patches of the golden sweetscented cypripedium (lady's slipper). The exquisite green and aureate tints of this heath in early summer contrast charmingly with the grey background of Sumburgh Head and with the dun hues of the bare scrub wastes we have been hitherto traversing. The links draw in to a low, flat neck enclosed between two sea-inlets. One is the creek named Grubness Voe, a great depot for fish-curing; the other on the western side is the Voe of Sumburgh.

It is on the shore of this latter bay that the old mansion-house of Jarlshof is situated, in which the moody misanthrope of Scott's romance, Basil Mertoun, took up his abode and led the life of a recluse, far away in sooth "from the madding crowd." The building is now a roofless and deserted ruin, but it may originally with adjunct offices have been a domicile of respectable size. It appears to have been erected by one of the later Orkney earls. Close by is the fine modern residence, Sumburgh House, of the proprietor of a large tract of the adjoining country, its garden wall at one corner scarce half-adozen vards from the sea-beach.

For a description of the Sumburgh headland, it would be hard to better

Sir Walter Scott's. "A cliff of immense height, which presents its bare scalp and naked sides to the weight of a tremendous surge. . . . This lofty promontory is constantly exposed to the current of a strong and furious tide. . . . On the land side the promontory is covered with short grass and slopes steeply down to a little isthmus, upon which the sea has encroached in creeks." The isthmus and creeks are the healthy neck and voes I have just referred to; and, as the great novelist accurately observes, the encroachment of the sea on either side at the neck will probably in the lapse of time altogether insulate the rocky mount itself, "when what is now a cape will become a lonely mountain islet severed from the mainland." The eastern side of the mount is composed of enormous smooth slabs or layers of grey sandstone (called by Scott "sand-flag") sloping or "dipping" down to seaward; and these slabs. crumbling away and becoming detached, lie in close masses along the hillside and can be slid down with the foot-a desolate chaos of rockdebris.

Here it was that the Mertouns, father and son, climbed the day after the tempest, and stood contemplating the tumultuous heaving waters of the Roost. How vividly the scene is borne in upon us. The sighting of the dismantled vessel, the generous impulse of the young Mordaunt to rush down the cliff and save the wrecked mariner, the inrush and smash-up of the hulk on the rocks, the rescue of the pirate, the approach of the merciless wreckers, for, as the old harpy Swertha put it, in these isles a ship ashore was "a sight to wile the minister out of his very pu'pit in the middle of his preaching, muckle mair a puir auld ignorant wife frae her rock and her tow!"

More Pictish towers. Yonder, at the extreme point of Scatness was a brough, as we might infer from the designation of the spot, "Ness of Burgi." Higher up the coast is another, which has given its name to an adjacent islet; and further on, near Boddam, yet another of these strongholds, looking out upon

caves, and over a "Stack of the Brough" | on the seashore below.

On the extremity of Sumburgh Cape is a fine lighthouse, which I shall ever remember as seen long while from steamer-deck brilliantly flaming out on a certain dark autumnal night, in a heavy gale, with the Roost running "mountains high."

Besides the large loch of Spiggie. there is another smaller one quite close to it, the Loch of Brow (Brough again, evidently). The trout-fishing in the former is disappointing. So demoralized have the fish in it become from the use of indiscriminate and unsportsmanlike lures, that now they can hardly be got to look at a fly, nor does the artificial minnow seem to be much good. A common practice is to bait with a lump of herring, and an old Spiggie man told me he once in autumn time impaled on his hook a mouse he had caught in a trap, and with this uncanny morsel captured a trout over a pound weight. fisherman, however, so they said, may do better sometimes on the water of Brow, where the trout, though not running so large as on Spiggie lake, take the fly more readily.

Dunrossness is the haunt of many wild birds of comparative rarity in our islands. In the desolate cliffs of Fitful Head the peregrine falcon still nests and breeds; and an occasional pair as late as 1894 were known to frequent the cragged cape of Sumburgh. Merlin are occasionally shot in these parts. The owl-a long-eared greyish variety-is met with, of which I was shown a fine stuffed specimen shot not long since. On the loch of Spiggle the osprey has been seen on rare occasions, generally pursued and screeched at by innumerable seagulls. In the rock-scarped islet or Colsay the elder-duck breeds. And here too the raven has his habitat, more mischievous depredator even than his brother, the hooded crow, particularly at nesting time in spring when his young have to be fed. The inroads made by the ravens on the cottagers' poultry, is serious. Mr. H--- told me of one that had actually pounced on a full-grown duck in his yard, and had

made off with it some distance before he was shot.

The first time I visited Dunrossness. one of those Shetland sea-fogs already spoken of hung over everything

Like the dun wimple of a new-made widow.

and continued without break the two or three days I was able to remain at Spiggie. Thus I had to leave without even a glimpse of Fitful Head or the cliffs adjoining. Two years before a weather experience of a different kind though equally aggravating had befallen a German artist, who had come to Spiggie to paint a stormy sea for a picture of the Saviour in the tempest on the lake of Galilee. The poor man passed in fruitless expectancy three weeks of uninterrupted fair calm weather, and then departed in despair; the Spiggie fishermen declaring they would they could have him always with them!

A curious and distinctive feature of the Zetland landscape is the prevalence of the little walled enclosures, or "plantie cruives," along the hillsides. They are really small vegetable gardens or kailyards which by Shetland custom any cottar may reclaim for himself from the bleak heathland wastes so common and extensive in Hjaltland. The dry-stone wall built round these plots is absolutely necessary to shelter them from the piercing winds which sweep over the bare wolds. You see them in all parts of the Shetland Isles; and, looking across a wide stretch of country. the new-comer wonders what on earth these high-walled structures can be, scattered promiscuously about in such numbers.

Unless prevented by fogs or stress of weather, the steamer plying between Stromness and Scalloway calls in about bi-monthly off Spiggie going northward. This gives an alternative route whereby to get back to Lerwick, or proceed on to the further parts of Shetland. Going this way, one has fine views of the cliffs, flords, and outlying isles along the western side of the mainland (Meginland). Among these latter, the two

Burras which shut in Clift Sound are the largest and most interesting; West Burra being generally accepted as the locus of Magnus Troil's mansion-house, Burgh Westra. From here Minna in the story could espy the distant heights of Fitful Head; and here in the old mansion we can picture Eric Scambester on convivial occasions launching his master's huge punch-bowl loaded with a full cargo of "good Nantz, Jamaica sugar, and Portugal lemons."

At the extreme north end of Clift Sound is Scalloway (Skalavag, bay of the skali), a cluster of houses grouped round a little voe or inlet, which forms a sheltered harbor. As one steams up alongside the pier, the ruined old castle built by a dreaded and rapacious Earl of Orkney, Patrick Stewart, is seen close by rearing its head above the intervening town buildings. This castle is of the usual sixteenth century Scottish type and, though much plainer and smaller, is not unlike in style to the Palace at Kirkwall erected by the same noble. It has small projecting angletourelles, finished off below with ornamental corbelling. Over the main doorway of the castle is a stone escutcheon with the inscription, "Patricius Orcadiæ et Zetlandiæ comes," and a Latin couplet; and high up in the wall flanking this doorway may be seen an iron ring attached to a pinnacle of the masonry. This ring served the purpose of a gallows, and is so placed that, when a man was hoisted up and hanged by a rope reeved through it, his body would dangle just in front of the doorway and window above it. On the other side of the building, also high up near the eaves, a small lancet aperture, almost invisible from below, is pointed out as the airlet to a secret chamber, in which Earl Patrick lay hid when under arraignment for sundry high crimes and misdemeanors. The story goes that a posse of the king's men who were in pursuit of the earl had unsuccessfully searched the castle in quest of him, and were on the point of departure, when some one of the company, scanning the battlements from below, espied a faint curl of smoke escaping from the tiny custom in the Scotsman of 5th July, 1894.

aperture in the wall. The smoke came from the fugitive's tobacco pipe, and, the search being renewed, the obnoxious earl was captured and afterwards executed.

There are a few oldish dwellinghouses in Scalloway. Above the entrance doorway of one I noted a scutcheon with the date 1755, and a quaint motto, "Tace aut Face," over the names James Scott and Katharine Sinclair.

As at Stromness in Orkney, an enormous herring fishery trade is done at Scalloway. During the season it is a sight to see the quays. The usual practice here is to assort the fish going to market into three classes, the rest of the herrings not good enough for classification being thrown aside for manure.

An ancient usage prevalent in the Faröe Isles is said to be still traceable as a survival in Hjaltland. This is the winter custom of what is called going "hussamillie," that is, between or among the houses. The term appears to be in frequent use throughout Zetland as well as in Faroe. "After dinner and a thorough wash and brush-up they" (the Faroe folk) "go hussamillie, All the young people gather into a house or two, the women bring their knitting, and the men their wheels and cards." Then they dance, etc., "High and low are socially equal; all go hussamillie, and all mingle together on equal terms. In Shetland, it is said, there are two classes, an upper and a lower, but no middle class."1 After all, there is something commendable in the idea of this Arcadian simplicity, fraternity, whatever we may style it. And from my own observation of the Zetland people, I should judge such a custom to be exactly in accord with their forthright sympathetic manners, which, especially when coming from women to men, are so attractive.

The limitations of space are such that I must hurry over what remains of the Shetlands with few words.

From Scalloway a charming trip may be made to the north-western regions

1 See an interesting account of this primitive

of Zetland, round by Papa Stour and across the spacious bay of St. Magnus to Hillswick. The whole journey is a vision of strange rock-shapes, fissured precipices, and wave-washed islets grouped in such sort that, if Hjaltland is not the "Ultima Thule," it might well pass for it. The mere names of the coast features in themselves carry a suggestion of darksome sea-alleys and gloomy grots-vestibules, it might be, of Erebus-haunted by an under-world of hyperborean mermen and marine monsters; spots where, in the words of the classic singer, "the seas dashed upon the rocks re-echo."

Especially striking is the stretch of coast-line betwixt the Sounds of Vaila and Papa. On the islet of Vaila a great rock-stack stands up like a ruined castletower of old: and from Watsness to Quilva Taing is a majestic chaos of nature's battlements breached and riven into ragged buttresses and pinnacles by the never-ceasing assaults of the tremendous surge. The sea-margin of Papa Stour isle itself is a marvel of indented notches-creeks or voes where the furious tides have eaten their way far into the island core. Here, too, are caves, natural arches, subterraneous rock-tunnels, skerries in numbers. Then, rounding the corner of Sandness and holding north-east, we can just sight over yonder the deep-embayed inlet which terminates in West Burra Firth, or Borgarflord (flord of the Borg). Near here stood the Pictish Tower whence the Norsemen gave its name to the spot; and where, the Orkneyinga Saga tells us, Jarls Magnus and Hakon in their earlier days of amity slew a famous chieftain, Thorbiörn.

The approach to Hiliswick, the tourist's portal to Northmaven, is characteristically Zetlandish. The steamer passes up Ura Fiord, a long, narrow, and perfectly sheltered haven; and brings to in the little off-shooting loop or vik, where a few houses, sheds, and fishing craft cluster together along a low isthmus. Behind and across this isthmus, a grand vista of lofty cliffs, the "Heads of Grocken," are seen looming up in retreating perspective. As for this

strange outlying northern region of Northmaven—all but severed from the mainland isle, for the connecting ligature at Ellwick scarcely exceeds fifty yards in width—its broken coast-line is reckoned perhaps the wildest and most diversified in all Shetland, and that is indeed saying much. But to do these labyrinthine seashores justice would be to write another article; and so we must borrow a rhyme from the poetfictionist, and say with Claud Halcro,

Farewell to Northmaven, Grey Hillswicke farewell! To the calms of thy haven The storms on thy fell.

As for Foula, solitary and remote, planted like Fair Isle leagues away from the main Zetland group, it is a spot hard to get at, but wondrous worth seeing. For are there not its sites of ancient church, Picts' House, and burial mounds; its lofty summit-ridge, "the Sneug;" the adamantine fantastically-shaped wall of cliffs between the Hœvdi capes and on to the Wick of Helliberg, facing out to the golden sunset; and the marvel of superabundant bird-life which makes this island-fastness its home?

It still remains to devote a word to the north group of the Hjaltland isles. Starting from Lerwick in a coasting steamer, one skirts the eastern shores of the mainland, passing many a voe, flord, ness, and skerry, till Whalsey is reached - an isle which still retains vestiges of its three ancient churches, brochs two, a Pict's house, many lakelets, and a farmhouse which bears the unsavory name of Sodom. Leaving Whalsey to our right, we sail through Linga Sound, sighting the "Out Skerries," and their lighthouse tower. Thence passing the Ness and Holm of Lunna, and opening Yell Sound (Jalasund), we stand over to Fetlar, and enter the Wick or Bay of Tresta, which, should a south-easter be blowing, will not commend itself to us as a very sheltered harborage. This island has some interesting antiquities both Of the prehistoric and mediæval. three or four relics of the latter class,

the ruined "kirk" or chapel near the Free Church Manse is said to have been dedicated to a patron saint, whose name I cannot remember to have come across before in Scotland, though it is well known to English lawyers, St. Hilary. Great things were told me of the fishing in little trout the loch. "Papil Water," which no tles behind the spit of beach at the head of the Tresta Bay. And doubtless others like myself would gladly stay a few days in this interesting island to explore its treasures, if one only knew where to lodge and could make sure of catching a return steamer after a reasona' le interval.

Whose has the chance-or mis-chance, some might hold it-to take the voyage I have been describing in a pretty stiff half-gale (as once happened to the present writer), will best realize the ironbound character of the Shetland coast. For, as one passes now and again the vast swart rock-piles and spires lashed with white jets of sea foam, and the vessel plunges through the narrows of the sounds, quite close to a Scylla on the one hand, or a Charybdis on the other,-one begins to grasp the risks and perils of this coasting service, carried on as it is through the long stormy darkness of the Zetland winter!

From Fetlar our steamer crosses over to the eastern shores of Yell, the largest of the Shetland isles next after the main island. As we have noted elsewhere in the Zetland archipelago, Yell island is all but cut in two at a central point where two Voes have run up into the heart of the land to within a mile of one another. It is into the eastern of these two Voes that we wend our way, entering it by a narrow passage, and passing within a stone-cast of its northern headland. Once we are inside Mid Yell Voe, the view of inlet and valley is very picturesque not to say romantic, and conveys an absolute sense of land-locked shelter. Yell is rich in sites or ruins of quondam Catholic churches and Pictish towers. Of the latter, there is a fine example at Burra Ness, which we pass on the way to Unst. And here it may

be observed that the place-name, "Burra," is continually recurring all through Shetland, tacked on to firths, capes, islands, or whatever it may be, and all pointing to the near vicinity of some one or other of these archaic burghs or broughs.

Of Yell Sound (Jalasund) we hear something in the Saga of the Orkneys. One summer, in the early years of the twelfth century, came Jarl Rögnvald over to Hjaltland from Norway, bringing with him two noble chieftains, Sölmund Sigurdson and Jón Jétrsson, with a band of warriors and a few galleys. They reached Hjaltland about midsummer, but, strong and contrary winds springing up, they brought their ships to Jalasund, and, being well received by the Bændr (landholders) of Yell, went feasting about the country.

Unst. the northernmost of the Shetland Isles, is separated from Yell by a narrow strait, half a mile to a mile in width. Shaping now our course northeastward, we sight the islet of Uyea, interesting from its group of Picts' houses and its ruined chapel, which has the same special feature seen in some early Irish oratories, and in certain of the old Orkney churches. This is a doorway constructed without rebate for a door, thus suggesting, thought Sir Henry Dryden, the primitive method of closing an entrance to a building by a hide or curtain. Next we pass the Castle of Muness, of like style and date with the crumbling ruin at Scalloway, and not unlike Orkneyan Noltland. A few miles further the steamer runs in between the islands of Huney and Balta into the fine haven named after the latter, Balta Sound. Here one finds an excellent little hotel, and one or two comfortable "pensions" to select from.

From Balta Sound, a walk of three or four miles across the intervening high ridge of Vailafield, brings you down to the western shore of Unst, overlooking the boundless Atlantic. At any point between Hevda Hill and Hagdales Nest a really marvellous panorama is obtained away round and across ocean to the far-away Gloups of Yell, but to the north, along the Unst shore, the view is

barred by the Brough of Valaberg. It is a walk and vista once seen never to be forgotten. Another delightful day's occupation is to walk or drive over to the hither extremity of the Loch of Cliff, take a boat for the day there, and row slowly over the three miles' length of this narrow and picturesque lake, with a fishing-line or two out astern. Then fish down the half-mile of rivulet which connects the loch with the sea at the head of Burra Firth. A farther walk past the site of the brough, which has given its name to the Firth, and on to the promontory of Hermaness, will be a good day's work. From the hill of Hermaness you look across the waters of the Burra Firth to the precipices of Saxayord. Then, to northward, the eye gazes down over the forlorn group of skerries, on one of which, Muckle Fladda, is a lighthouse, and travels on over a dark swirling surge of waters to the rocky "Out Stack," outmost skerry of them all, and interesting as the most northerly spot of land in the British Isles!

Saxavord, it may be noted, was a terminal station of the great meridional arc observed and computed by the staff of the Ordnance Survey of the United Kingdom. The southern terminal of the arc was at Dunnose in the Isle of Wight.

Balta Sound is associated with memories of two eminent men of science, who, in the early years of the present century, worked alongside of one another, though independently. One was M. Biot, a French savant, who was sent over here to make observations in connection with the length of the seconds pendulum in this latitude. The other was Captain Colby of the Royal Engineers, afterwards chief of the Ordnance Survey who carried out work of a similar kind and with a similar object. The little island of Balta, which in ancient days had its Pictish tower and chapel, forms a natural and perfect breakwater to the sound, and here Colby and his surveyors took up their quarters.

Harolds Wick, the fine bay next door to Balta isle, is, says tradition, the spot where in the ninth century the great Scandinavian king, Harald Harfagri, came ashore on his first expedition to Hjaltland to root out the unruly Vikings, and take the islands for himself.

"I do not," says Virgil in one of his Georgics, "hope to include all things in my verses, not if I had a hundred tongues, a hundred mouths, and a voice of iron." Nor does the present writer pretend to have done more than offer here a representative selection from the abundant store of interesting material that appertains to Hjaltland. As the topmost boughs of a tree yield the finest blooms and fruit, so will the tourist often have to go afar for the scenes and regions best worth seeking. And if these few pages shall have satisfied the reader that there is treasure-trove in remote Hjaltland well worth searching for, they will have served their purpose.

From Longman's Magazine.
THE LADY OF THE LOCK.

Richard Myers had just returned to his lodging, after a long day's work in the fields, and had taken off his boots, and "washed him," and otherwise prepared for the evening meal, which he shared with his landlady's family, when he caught sight of a small white packet lying on the window-sill just beneath the partly open sash. He went over to it, and examined it in the fastfading light. When the wrapper was undone, he saw it contained something small and soft enfolded in tissue paper. On removing the inner covering Dick uttered a long, low whistle. The little packet contained a curl of hair.

He struck a light and looked at it more closely, the tiny ring glittering in his hand like threads of gold. It was tied up with blue ribbon, and pinned to the small, silken knot thus made was a narrow strip of printed paper, which, on closer investigation, appeared to be a motto that had probably once formed part of a cracker. Dick unpinned it, and smoothed it out, slowly spelling

over its contents. These were the cabalistic words it bore:—

I am young and I am bonny, I am tender, I am true; If you'll have me for your sweetheart, I'll have you.

Dick whistled again, and then laughed. "Coom, this is rayther strong," he remarked. He looked at the curl again; it seemed to be of a very pretty color, a kind of red gold, each individual hair glittering in the light. He touched it—it was as soft as velvet; he turned it over and over in his hand.

"I connot call to mind onybody as has hair of this color," he mused. "It is bonny, too. I wonder who i' th' world con ha' sent it to me."

He folded up the parcel again, and thrust it into his waistcoat pocket, humming a little ditty to himself, his face alight with curiosity and pride.

When he entered the family livingroom, he found his landlady, Mrs. Ann Jump, a hard-working washerwoman, seated at table with all her children round her. She looked up inquiringly as he entered.

"We was jest goin' to begin; yo're late to-day, Richard."

"Did yo' notice onybody go past my window this arternoon?" inquired Dick, seating himself and endeavoring to assume a casual air.

"Why, of course, I should think a good few folks went past yo'r window to-day, same as ony other day," responded Mrs. Jump, a trifle tartly.

"Yo' didn't notice onybody partic'lar, I suppose?" pursued Dick.

"Nay, I have other things to be thinkin' on nor to be standin' watchin' th' folks pass by. It is Saturday to-day, and I've been agate at my wark sin' afore dayleet. I only jest sat me down afore yo' coom in."

"Did yo' ha' lady callers to-day, then?" insisted Dick, still determined to fathom the mystery of his mysterious present.

"Bless the lad! whatever is he moiderin' about? Lady callers of a Saturday! Likely, isn't it? If ony was to coom I'd soon run 'em out, I know thot."

Mr. Jump, who now entered the room, divesting himself of his coat as he did so, remarked, with a loud, cheery laugh, that "Dick thought very like as it was leap year soom of his lady friends had coom to ax him to put up the banns." Dick responded with a laughing retort. He had forgotten about leap year, and the fact did indeed seem to throw some light upon the mystery. Though he would not own it, he thought in his own mind that it was extremely likely that one or other of the bonny lasses with whom he had "walked" during the preceding year had considered it time to ascertain the nature of his intentions. Dick was a buck in his way, a handsome young fellow, who thought a good deal of himself and had on more than one occasion boasted that he had only to raise a finger and he "could have ony one o' th' village beauties for the axin';" some one had evidently wished to give him rather a broad hint. Dick owned to himself with a sigh that it would be well to concentrate his attentions upon one individual in particular. But who was the owner of the hair? Not Mary Latham-she was as black as a sloe; nor Kitty Norris, her hair was lint white. Could it be Jenny Wharton? He could not at that moment recall the color of her locks, but he did not think they were of this beautiful ruddy gold. Jenny Wharton was a fine, dashing, good-tempered lass, with whom he had always found it pleasant to take a walk or to crack a joke-did Jenny really take his careless attentions seriously, and was she determined to bring him to the point?

"Theer's two opinions about everything," said Dick to himself. "I'm noan so sure now that I do fancy her. It is a pity if hoo's coom to tak' sich a likin' for me."

He went to bed in a perplexed condition of mind, and next morning woke with the dawn, and examined the little trophy by daylight. It was pretty hair; he had never seen any of that particular hue before. No, he did not think it could belong to Jenny. Then he read once more the motto:—

I am young and I am bonny,

I am tender, I am true;

If you'll have me for your sweetheart I'll have you.

"A bit barefaced," he mused. "'If you'll have me for your sweetheart, I'll have you.' But it is leap year, of course, and I reckon the lass thinks hoo's doin' no harm in taking advantage of it."

He dressed with unusual care, plastering his locks well with highly scented pomatum, a luxury dear to the rustic soul, donning a tie of a brilliant hue, and altogether presenting a very fine appearance when he entered the kitchen.

Jump balanced his knife and fork on end and stared at him.

"What is her name?" he asked briefly. "See, yo', missus, Dick's goin' coortin'! he is for sure. Which is it, Dick?"

"I don't know what yo' mean," was the response, as Dick, very red in the face and yet with the smirk of the conscious conqueror, sat down to fortify his inner man by a large and sustaining meal.

At church that Sunday morning I fear me that his thoughts wandered frequently to the owner of the captivating curl, and his eyes roved up and down the benches seeking to discover among the rows of smartly attired maidens the "fascinating she" who claimed him as her own. But none of the sleek bent heads wore tresses of the color he sought for. So, at least, it at first appeared; but towards the end of the sermon, in fact just as the rector had said "In conclusion," his eyes fell upon a little figure seated at the farthest end of the bench immediately before him. The shadow of a pillar had until then fallen across her, but at this moment she suddenly stooped forward to pick up a detached leaf that had fluttered from her prayer-book. Her bent head caught the light, and Dick started as he saw that the soft, smooth coil of hair which was gathered up beneath her

white straw hat gleamed with the familiar ruddy glow which haunted his thoughts. His eyes often rested on the little figure as the service proceeded. Its aspect was wholly unfamiliar to him, and when the girl turned her head he found to his surprise that he did not recognize the face. It was a very simple little face-round, and pink and white, and rather freckled, the nose slightly cocked, the eyes large and blue and babyish. When she knelt down Dick saw that the long, curling lashes that veiled these eyes were only a shade or two darker in color than the hair. Dick's thoughts were much preoccupied, and it is to be feared that his devotions were frequently interrupted by the vague wonder as to how this unknown lass should have heard of him. or why she had taken a fancy to him. for that she had sent him this love-token he never for an instant doubted. Hers were the only locks in the whole village whose color matched the little curl shut up in Dick's trunk at home.

When the congregation left the church he loitered behind until the girl in question came out, and then boldly went up to her. Rustic etiquette, stringent enough on some points, is nevertheless comfortably lax in many particulars; any young man may speak to any young woman without needing to wait for an introduction.

"Yo're a stranger here, ar'n't yo'?" asked Richard, with his most engaging smile.

"I've nobbut jest coom," she responded.

"Well, and what are yo' doin' here in the village?" pursued Dick.

"I've coom to be sarvant at Thorndons'."

"Oh, yo' han, han yo'? I heerd as their Maggle had left. Well, and what may yo'r name be?"

"Sarah Lupton," was the reply, "but they allus call me Sally." The golden eyelashes were now shyly uplifted, and with a saucy smile she added, "And what may yo'rs be, if I may ax?"

"Coom, yo' know mine well enough." returned Dick, laughing; but Sally stared at him with unfeigned surprise.

Could it be possible that, after all, she had fallen in love with him without so much as knowing his name? "Well, then, my name's Richard Myers, and they call me Dick," he said. "Yo' can call me Dick if yo'n a mind."

"'Tisn't likely as I shall want to call yo' onythin'," returned Sally. "I mun be off awhoam now, or th' missus 'ull be callin' out for me."

"Dun yo' ever go for a walk Sunday arternoons?" inquired Dick.

"I do, when theer's onybody to walk wi'."

"Yo' can walk wi' me, if yo' fancy it." Sally again raised those long, innocent-looking lashes, and surveyed Dick critically with her babyish blue eyes. Dick felt the color mount in his face the while, but the result of Sally's investigation appeared to be satisfactory, for she nodded, and said succinctly:—

"Two o'clock this day, then. I can have from two to six, missus says."

"I will meet yo' at the Lone End," said Dick, feeling a little queer as he turned away. He had often walked with lasses before, but never yet with one who had calmly announced her intention of being his sweetheart.

Punctually to the minute, however, he appeared at the appointed meeting-place, and soon descried Sally's small figure tripping down the lane to meet him. She really was a pretty little thing, and for a moment or two Dick lost all his previous self-consciousness as he considered her.

"A nice little body," he thought to himself, "and a notable little body. Hoo'd mak' a chap coomfortable enough, I dare say."

Sally wore a print frock with sprigs of green all over it, and there were green ribbons in her hat and at her throat, and she had altogether a certain springlike freshness about her most comforting to the eye.

"Wheer shall we go?" inquired Dick.

"Jest as yo' fancy," was the accommodating reply.

Dick paced along by her side for some minutes in silence, and then he said, "We will go reet into the fields, wheer theer'll be nobry to bother us." They followed a narrow path beside a green new-budding hedge; the sky was blue overhead with little fleecy clouds which seemed to add to its brightness. Everything was green and bright and fresh and new, this spring morning. Dick, as he walked along, felt his heart bound as it had never bounded when he was escorting Mary Latham or Jenny Wharton; and yet both Mary and Jane were, strictly speaking, far "bonnier" than little golden-haired Sally.

Their conversation, however, touched only on the most ordinary topics. Sally was very discreet and very demure. When Dick offered her his arm, she decided that she could "jest as well do wi'out," and when he paid her one or two of the stereotyped compliments which in Jane's and Mary's case he had ever found effective, she desired him, with a certain curt decision, to "give ower that nonsense."

At last he resolved to come to an understanding with her; and pausing when they had reached a wood, already green, he proposed that they should rest a few minutes in the shade.

"The sun's not that hot," protested Sally, but she consented nevertheless. They sat down on the short, young grass, and presently Dick inquired, in a sentimental tone, where it was she had first seen him. Sally stared at him reflectively.

"I think it were last Friday week," she replied, considering a little. "Yes, Friday week it were. Yo'd been to market and yo'r face were black."

Dick's countenance changed.

"Black!" he ejaculated.

"Eh, yo'd been gettin' hold of a sack, or summat dirty, and yo'd smudged yo'r face; I mind I laughed."

Dick was a little crestfallen, and a great deal astonished.

"And were that really the first time yo' saw me, Sally?"

She nodded.

"Then what made yo' think of me?"

The blue eyes were opened to the fullest extent.

"Think of yo'! Whoever said I thought of yo'?"

"Coom, yo' know yo' did," said Dick persuasively. He leaned forward, looking at her with a merry smile; his dark eyes twinkled, and his white teeth showed through his parted lips. Sally looked at him and smiled back.

"Well," she said, after a moment, "I wunnot say but what I have."

"Reet," said Dick, rubbing his hands, "we're gettin' forrard now. Coom yo' han' thought of me, I knowed it; theer's good cause why we should both know it, isn't theer?"

Sally simpered and looked down, and presently asked in a small, insinuating voice, "And did yo' think of me, Dick?"

Dick hesitated for a moment. Never had he till that morning set eyes upon the girl, but he resolved to lie boldly like a man.

"I did," he cried fervently. "How can yo' doubt it, Sally?"

"And when did yo' first see me?" inquired Sally.

This was a puzzler. Dick cast about in his mind for a suitable occasion.

"I see yo' last churnin' day," he remarked, gazing straight before him with a retrospective air. "The last churnin' day which ever was, and yo' were walkin' across fro' th' shippon wi' yo'r pail or summat in yo'r hand, and the leet shone on yo'r hair, and I thought to mysel' as I had never seen sech bonny hair before."

"Did yo'?" said Sally, much pleased.
"But," as a sudden thought struck her,
"however did yo' see my hair, Dick?
I allus weer my bonnet, yo' know, i' th
mornin', and it covers my head, face
and all, till theer's now to be seen."

Dick reflected for a moment.

"Ah, but the wind blew it off a minute—dunnot yo' mind the wind blew it off?"

"I dunnot remember," said Sally, with a puzzled look. But Dick clinched the matter by remarking that if the wind had not blown off her bonnet, he could not have noticed her hair, a fact which was obviously conclusive.

"It is bonny hair, Sally," pursued Dick, with a meaning air. Sally blushed. "Ay, it's bonny hair," repeated Dick. "A mon 'ud be very pleased to get a bit of that hair, Sally."

"Like yo'r impudence," remarked Sally, with a toss of her head. Dick felt a little irritated. Why could not she own at once that she had been tempted into an indiscretion which he of all men could but regard leniently?

"Dun yo' often gi' folks locks of

hair?"

"Never," responded Sally, with decision.

"Coom, once in a way yo' do, dunnot yo'?" Sally shook her head.

"I know a mon," said Dick, staring at her fixedly, "as has got a bit, a lovely bit, and keeps it locked up, and kisses it often."

Sally's face flamed.

"Yo' know nowt of the kind," she responded, with great asperity. "I'll noan set here ony more if yo' tell sech lees."

Dick whistled.

"Sally," he said, "we's ha' no more of this. I've got thot lock of yo'r hair as yo' sent me, and I'm goin' to keep it, and I will have yo' for my sweetheart, as yo' axed me."

Sally sprang to her feet, and to Dick's immense surprise answered this declaration by bestowing a sounding box on his ear.

"I'm noan thot mak' o' wench," she cried energetically. "I never give onybody a lock of hair in my life; and as for axin' yo' to be my sweetheart, I would not do sech a thing if theer was never another mon i' th' world."

Dick rose to his feet, astonished and irate.

"Didn't yo' send me thot parcel last neet, then?" he asked. "I know it's yo'r hair, and yo' mun know what was wrote inside."

"What was it?" cried Sally wrathfully, but impressed, in spite of herself, by his manner.

I am young and I am bonny,

I am tender, I am true;

If you'll have me for your sweetheart I'll have you.

repeated Dick, with great unction and precision. "Theer, thot's plain enough, isn't it? and the hair was jest the same as yo'rs—beautiful hair, like gold, and soft as down. I will swear it is yo'rs. There is not another lass as ever I see as has hair the same as thot."

Sally sat staring at him, with round, dilated eyes, the color mantling in her cheeks, an irrepressible simper hover-

ing about her mouth.

"Well, I really didn't send it," she said, in tones which did not admit of doubt. "I truly didn't. Soombry mun ha' played us a trick. Why, I never could ha' been so bowd as to send yo' sech a message as thot."

"Why not?" said Dick gallantly. "It is true enough. Yo're young, yo' know, and bonny, and I am sure yo'll be tender and true. Well, then, why could not us

be sweethearts?"

"Eh, Dick, we dunnot know each other, and I dunnot like the notion o' yo' thinkin' it was me as axed yo'."

"Well, it is leap year, yo' know, and a lass can do it in leap year wl'out onybody thinkin' shame o't. And truly, Sally, I'd like yo' to be my sweetheart."

"Well," said Sally, and sighed, and stole a glance at Dick. He assumed h's most persuasive air. He was really a good-looking young fellow, and she could not but own the fact to herself.

"Well, I dunnot mind keeping coompany wi' yo' to see how we get on," she said hesitatingly, after a moment's pause, "but I cannot think whoever sent

yo' thot hair."

"It is the most beautiful hair that ever I see," persisted Dick. "It is thot hair as made me first think of yo', Sally." Sally walked on a few steps, smiling to herself, and Dick hastened after her, for a time forgetting his usual self-conceit, and, indeed, almost oblivious of his own personality in his growing admiration and love. was a dainty little lass, quick and precise in her ways. As she walked in front of him he noted how light was her step, how graceful her movements: the very turn of her little round throat had a charm for him, and the curling tendrils of that wonderful hair fascinated his eye.

The path led them presently to the high wall which surrounded the squire's

park. The very stones seemed to glitter in the bright sunlight, and the shadows of the curling baby leaves which hung over from the plantation within danced and flickered on its surface. Sally tilted back her head and looked up at the shifting green tracery. "Eh, I wish we were o' the t'other side o' yon wall," she cried. "I've never been theer, and they say it's beautiful at this time o' the year. Th' daffodils is out, and birds' nests i' th' trees; they say it's like fairyland."

"Coom, we's soon get ower, if thot's all," replied Dick. "I'll help yo," and if we meet onybody we'll say we're nobbut goin' on a message to th' keeper; he lives yon, yo' know, i' th' little white cottage over theer."

Sally, after some demur, consented to climb the wall, on the condition that Dick got over first. The young man complied, and Sally soon scrambled up, pausing on the top of the wall to look down at him with her head on one side like a startled bird.

"I can never get down," she cried.
"I shall fall, I know I shall fall!"

The usual lovers' comedy was then enacted, Sally finally jumping with a laugh and a scream, and being duly caught in Dick's arms.

There did, indeed, seem to be a little bit of fairyland behind that wall. Lines of daffodils grew on either side of the path, stretching away in a long perspective of green and gold as far as the eye could reach; the gnarled trunks of the trees stood out boldly amid the more delicate undergrowth of budding ash and crimson-tipped sycamore saplings; the great bushes of rhododendrons, the green shining leaves of which glanced bravely in the sunlight, were sown with clusters of lilac and crimson and white: the white stems of birch and beech flashed out here and there like silver; there was sunlight everywhere, everything seemed to glitter and sparkle and flash. The couple wandered on a little way, the sense that they were trespassing adding a certain zest to their enjoyment. Sally picked a bunch of daffodils and fastened some in her waistband, bestowing, after some coquetting, a posy

on Dick, to wear in his button-hole. They sat down on a mossy bank and entertained each other for some time after the fashion of lovers of their class, Dick much amusing Sally by drawing sundry designs on the soft mould of the path in front of them with the point of his stick. Sally duly watched and applauded when he drew two large, lop-sided hearts with their initials in the centre of each.

"Now," he said, "we'll make it complete."

He slowly and carefully scratched beneath the affecting picture the lines which had been ringing in his head

since the preceding day.

They were just contemplating this work of art with heads bent sideways, when a quick, light step just behind them made them start, and a tall girl suddenly pushed aside the elder boughs and jumped down into the path. It was Jane Wharton, the keeper's daughter. Dick looked up in some confusion, and edged a little farther away from Sally; he felt bashful at this sudden encounter, for, as it has been already said, Jane and he had had some little amorous passages together in former days. Jane, however, looked from one to the other and burst into a merry laugh.

"Well, Richard," she cried, "I reckon yo're caught at last! Wonderful lovin' yo' looked just now, and what's this yo'n drawn out so beautiful? Two 'earts and a bit of poetry. Let's see.

I am young and I am bonny, I am tender, I am true; If you'll have me for your sweetheart, I'll have you.

Where did you get that from? Seems as if I'd heerd it before." The couple looked up quickly, their eyes, by common accord, fastening themselves on the thick plaits of hair which were wound round Jane's head. Both heaved a simultaneous sigh of relief. Jane's tresses were of an indescribable color, neither brown nor fair, but certainly with no tinge either of red or gold.

Jane laughed again. "I know what yo'r thinkin' on," she cried. "I'm in the secret too."

Sally looked up quickly and wrathfully, but said nothing. Dick rubbed his hands and laughed in a puzzled way:—

"Happen yo' sent it?" he cried.

Jane chuckled. "Well, if yo're talkin' about a little parcel as was left at yo'r place last neet I don't mind sayin' I took it theer."

Dick began to feel rather annoyed.

"Well," he said, "I'd like to know what business yo' had puttin' locks of hair inside my window."

"Weren't it pretty hair, though?" said Jane, and laughed again.

"It were thot," agreed Myers. "I never seed hair o' thot color before, nobbut Sally's here."

A light suddenly seemed to dawn upon Jane. "Did yo' think Sally sent it?" she cried, and fell to clapping her hands and fairly dancing with glee. "Eh, dear, I never thought it 'ud coom to thot." Then suddenly composing herself she addressed the other girl, who had now risen to her feet, crimson with anger.

"Yo' look quiet enough," she pursued; "think o' yo' sendin' locks o' hair to folks as yo'n scarce set eyes on!"

"Yo' know very well I didn't send it," protested poor Sally, on the point of tears; "yo' know it is not my hair."

"Isn't it jest the same color?" giggled Jane. "Now, yo' know very well, Sally, there isn't another girl i' th' place as has hair like thot—at least," correcting herself, "not as yo' know of. But theer, dunnot be in sich a stew; it isn't yo'r hair—I may as well own it, it belongs to a friend of mine."

Dick rose too, much excited and astonished. "And did yo' send it me?" he inquired. "Fancy thot! Is it onybody I know?"

"Yo' may ha' seen her, but I doubt if yo' noticed her," responded Jane. still convulsed with merriment, "but hoo noticed yo' as how 'tis. Hoo peeped at yo' once fro' behind one o' these trees, and hoo even followed yo' a little way, and when yo' didn't turn yo'r head, hoo sot her down i' the path and cried."

"Cried!" echoed Dick, with an aston-

ished smirk. "Cried! How ever did | hoo coom to think so mich o' me as thot?"

"All the lasses here, yo' know, think a deal o' yo', Dick," cried Jane, suddenly becoming serious, and wagging her head solemnly. "Yo're not the only one, Sally, yo' needn't think it. Why, Dick here says hissel' that theer isn't a lass o' th' place as he couldn't have for the axing."

Sally tossed her head. "I'm sure he's welcome to 'em all for me," she said.

"Dunnot yo' say as this here lady as sent me her hair is a friend o' yo'rs?" asked Dick, still pleasantly agitated. "I cannot think how ever it is I didn't notice her. Wheer does hoo live and what's her name?"

"Her name's Rose."

"Rose what?"

"Ah, that 'ud be tellin'! Yo'd happen like to see her?"

"Well," said Dick, breaking off with a furtive glance at Sally, who began to walk away with her nose in the air; but Jane's next words arrested her.

"Hoo's at our place now; I'll fetch her if yo' like."

"If Sally hasn't no objections," said Dick hesitatingly. "It makes a mon feel a bit queer, yo' know, to hear these things. I don't want to ha' nowt to say to her-me an' Sally is keeping coompany now-but I'd jest like to see her."

"Hoo's bonny," said Jane. "Her e'en are bigger nor Sally's, and brown, and her hair is softer nor Sally's, I tell yo'. But I'll fetch her, and yo'll see for yo'rsel's."

"Wait, Jane, wait," cried Dick, feeling suddenly a little alarmed. "It'll be a bit awkward if hoo fancies me so mich as thot cooms to."

"I'm sure I don't want to see her," cried Sally, walking away, but very slowly. She was angry with Dick, furious with Jane; nevertheless, her curiosity was too great to be withstood.

Jane began to walk backward in the direction of her home, still giggling to herself in a particularly exasperating

hoo'll not say nowt, I'll promise yo'. Bide a bit, Sally, wunnot yo'? Yo'd like to see this beauty. Ha, ha! shut yo'r e'en, both of yo', and I'il fetch her in a minute."

She whisked round and ran off rapidly. Sally stood still with her back to Dick, observing after a moment, in a choked voice, "I'm sure I don't know what I'm stopping for. It's nowt to me how bonny this lady o' yo'rs is, Mester Myers."

"Hoo isn't my lady as I know on." returned Dick, much exhilarated by Sally's evident pique. "I've nowt to do wi' her. Yo' needn't be so takken to, Sally. It's noan o' my fault if hoo will tak' a likin' for me."

Sally tried to say something very biting, but the words would not come, only a humiliating little sob which she ineffectually tried to disguise with a

In a few minutes rapid steps were heard pattering over the soft ground. and Jane's voice called out:-

"Now, then, keep yo'r e'en shut, I tell yo'! This way, my beauty. Now!"

Dick and Sally opened their eyes and craned forward their necks eagerly. There stood Jane in the middle of the path, no other figure appeared by her side, but in her arms she held a very fat setter puppy.

"Here's yo'r lady!" cried Jane, shrieking with laughter. "Here's the beauty! Look at her hair-did yo' ever see sich bonny golden hair? And look at her e'en-they're bigger nor yo'rs, aren't they, Sally? and sich a lovely brown! Coom and talk to her."

There was, however, complete silence for a moment or two, after which, I regret to say, Dick began to swear, and Sally to cry.

"To think," she sobbed, "as yo' could ever fancy that nasty dirty dog's hair was mine! I'll never speak to yo' again!"

Dick's reply need not be recorded. Jane dandled the puppy up and down, and waved its paws, and laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks.

"Ah, ha! Mester Dick," she cried, com-"You needn't be freetened, Richard; posing herself at last, "wasn't thot a

trick? Yo' never guessed, did yo'? See what it is to be too mich set up! Ever sin' I heerd yo' say as all th' lasses o' th' place were fair silly about yo' I've been longin' to mak' yo' feel a bit silly yo'rsel'! Yo' thought yo'd nowt to do nobbut howd out yo'r finger to ony lass, didn't yo'? Well, theer's poor little Sally as was ready enough, but we're not all o' the same mak'. Coom, han yo' nowt to say? This here beauty is to be had for th' axin'. Hoo isn't so well shapped as th' others, and my fether says he'll give her to ony one as 'll tak' her. It were thot as first put th' notion into my head. I says to mysel', "I'll have a bit of a marlock wi' yon conceited chap Dick." What! hannot yo' a word for her? Coom, then, Rose, we's say ta-ta!"

She once more waved the dog's paw and ran off. When she was out of sight, Dick ventured to draw near to Sally, who stood, still sobbing, with her face buried in her hands. She pushed him angrily away, however.

"Be off! I want noan o' yo'; yo' hannot a word to say. I'd be ashamed to look onybody i' th' face if I were yo', lettin' Jane mak' a fool of us both, thot gate! Why couldn't yo' say summat, and not let her have it all her own way? But the truth is yo' hadn't nowt to say."

"I had, though," retorted Dick, "but I weren't agoin' to say it while Jane were theer. I could ha' made her look

a bit silly if I'd a mind."

"Why didn't yo', then?" cried Sally, turning her little, flushed, tear-stained face towards him. "Eh, I'd ha' been fain to see thot, but I dunnot believe yo' could."

"I could," said Dick stoutly. "The fact is, Jane played this trick out of spite because I wouldn't ha' nowt to say to her. Jane was awful gone on me."

"I dunnot believe it," said Sally, vaguely comforted nevertheless.

"But I wouldn't have her at no price," went on Dick, loftily waving his hand.

"I dunnot believe it," said Sally again, this time more pettishly. "Jane says hersel' as yo're allus makkin' out as every lass i' th' place wants yo'."

"So they do," said Dick, with convic- little wife, Sally dear?"

tion; "they all do, Sally, but theer's nobbut one lass as I want, and yo' know her name."

Sally lifted her long eyelashes, on which the big tears were still hanging, and looked at him piteously.

"But how could yo' ever think my hair was like a nasty dog's?" she said plaintively.

"It were a pretty little pup, though," said Dick deprecatingly.

Sally pouted. "Jane said hoo weren't sich a good shapped one as the others," she murmured.

"Hoo mayn't be thot, but hoo's a beauty as how 'tis. Wonderful valuable breed, thot theer is—I heerd as squire gave pounds an' pounds fur the dog as he has yonder."

Sally was impressed for a moment, but presently resumed, still in an injured tone: "This one weren't worth so mich, then; Jane said her feyther 'ud gl' it to onybody as 'ud be willin' to tak' it."

"Hoo was to be had fur the axin', in fact," said Dick, with a twinkle in his eye.

Sally whisked round, and stamped her little foot. "Go away, do," she cried. "I hate the very seet on yo'. All lasses is not o' the same mak', as Jane said. I'm not to be had fur the axin'."

Dick gazed at her, still with that funny little twinkle in his eye.

"Naw, Sally, it's true, yo're not; I haven't axed yo' yet, as I know

"Yo' haven't!" ejaculated the girl.
"Of all the impident, barefaced —
Well! I'd be ashamed to tell sich lees,
if I was yo'. How is it that we're
keepin' coompany, then, if yo' didn't
ax me?"

"Oh, well," said Dick, "I thought yo' axed me first. Theer, dunnot be so mad," as Sally began some indignant protest. "I say thought yo' did; but it were a mistake, yo' know, quite a mistake, an' I'm goin' to make it all square now, I truly am; I'm goin' to ax yo' gradely."

He flung himself on his knees, and clasped his hands. "Will you be my little wife. Sally dear?"

Sally drew herself up and cast a look of unutterable scorn upon her smiling lover.

"I'll noan stay here to be made a fool of," she said, with a quivering lip, and would have rushed away but that Dick caught her by the skirt.

"Nay, Sally, 'earken a minute. 'I am young,' that's me; 'I am bonny,' that's you; 'I am tender,' that's you too; 'I am true,' that's both of us."

"I'm sure it isn't yo'," cried Sally, tugging viciously at her skirt; but Dick held it fast.

"Nay, wait a bit, Sally. 'If yo'll have me for your sweetheart'—that's me axin' yo', yo' know—'I'll have yo'." Now, that's what yo're goin' to say to me, like a dear little lass. Coom, yo'll say it, Sally, an' make me 'appy?"

Sally, with a mighty wrench, released her skirt, and then inconsequently stood still.

"Yo're an unkind, cruel chap," she cried, "to go laughin' at me, an' makkin' a fool o' me. Why couldn't yo' let me alone? I never did nowt to you! An' now yo'n bin teasin' me an' tormentin' n.e, an' upsettin' me till I feel as if I couldn't welly look onybody i' th' face again!"

Dick sprang to his feet, and his whole manner changed.

"Eh, poor little lass! it was a shame, it was thot. Eh! I'd like to pay Jane out fur playin' us sich a trick. Theer, dunnot yo' cry, my lass; I deserve that soombry should crack my stupid head. I met ha' knowed as yo' were noan the kind o' lass as 'ud do aught as wasn't seemly. Give ower cryin', do, Sally; it's true what I say, yo're the only one as ever I wanted. I may ha' joked a bit before, but I'm in earnest now. Do say as yo'll have me. I'll love you true, I will; theer's nowt as I wunnot do for yo'."

But Sally's feelings were ruffled, and though Dick's penitence was sincere, it was some time before she would allow herself to be mollified. This happy result was, however, finally brought about by Dick's suggesting that his humiliation was greater than hers, since she ruth'essly declined the

hand and heart which he had never before offered to any woman.

"If Jane were to know, I wonder what hoo'd say," he added artfully.

Sally found the idea soothing; a faint dimple appeared at the corner of her mouth.

Dick heaved a deep sigh.

"Yo' con tell her if yo' like," he said valiantly; "it's all the same to me now what happens. I care nought fur nothin' as onybody can say. I'm brought low enough, an' onybody as chooses con walk o'er me—Jane 'll be 'appy enough—it's just what hoo wants, to be able to laugh at me."

Sally looked pensive. Dick pursued, without looking at her:—

"It's what hoo's bin workin' fur all along—hoo connot thooal the notion of onybody havin' me nobbut hersel'. Hoo'll think hersel' wonderful clever."

"I dunnot see thot," said Sally petulantly; "it's no business of Jane's."

"Hoo thinks it is, then," said Dick.
"Eh! Hoo'll be fain, I tell yo'. I know
what 'ud really vex her—it 'ud be to see
us two 'appy together, keepin' coompany jest same as if hoo hadn't played
off her mischeevous trick at all. My
word, hoo'd laugh the wrong side of her
mouth then."

"Dun yo'think so?" said the girl, considering a moment. "Well, then, arter all, yo' an' me has no need to trouble we're minds about Jane. We'll soon show her," she added inconsequently, "as we care nought fur the worst hoo can do."

Dick's arm stole round her waist.

"When yo' coom to think on it," he said insinuatingly, "the laugh's all on our side. Ha, ha! of coorse it is."

"Of coorse," agreed Sally, smiling too.
"Jane will be mad to see us as friendly as ever, wunnot hoo?"

"Hoo wunnot know what to do wi' hersel'," said Dick emphatically. "Coom, Sally, we'n got the best o' th' joke!"

And indeed, as the young lovers wandered on, arm in arm, in the sunlight, any unbiassed observer would have agreed with them.

M. E. FRANCIS.

From The Fortnightly Review. CHARILAOS TRIKOUPES.

In describing the birth and growth of institutions in south-eastern Europe the future historian of the Balkan Peninsula will find his attention centred on three striking and pre-emigent personalities-Bratiano, Stambolov, Trikoupes. The first and the second rescued the native lands from the encroachments of a mighty despotism: the career of Bratiano was illumined by military glory; that of Stambolov was marked by a series of diplomatic triumphs abroad, and successful struggles with unscrupulous enemies at home-each of them derived his strength from the fact that he represented a popular reaction against To Trikoupes. foreign interference. the greatest of the three, was assigned a less brilliant, but more arduous and task. During discouraging periods of excitement and agitation it became his duty to check the national aspirations. to discountenance chauvinism of the multitude, and to offer counsels of patience, sobriety, and self-control. Only those who thoroughly understand the Greek character can realize the magnitude of the difficulties with which he had to contend. As a patriot, he was in no respect inferior to his two great contemporaries; it was the dream of his life to see Greece great, respected, powerful; to augment her resources, and to enlarge her boundaries. His schemes of ambition were bold and far-reaching, but he pursued them with judgment and selfrestraint. His statesmanlike instinct and his wide knowledge of European politics enabled him to gauge the limits of the possible, and to descry the shoals towards which hot-headed demagogues were steering the ship of state; in the moment of danger the country looked to him to retrieve its errors and to discover a haven of safety.

It will easily be understood that Trikoupes was never a popular personage in Greece. The young nations of south-eastern Europe possess all the faults, as well as many of the charming traits of childhood. They revel in

the delights of a vivid imagination: they build castles in the air: they cry for the moon. They indulge in rash escapades and suffer the consequences: but they can hardly be expected to like those who step in to curb their impetuous energy, to cheat them of their daydreams, and to admonish them in the hour of disappointment and failure. To the young of the household the family doctor is seldom an agreeable visitor. His appearance is associated with moments of pain and weakness; he prescribes unpleasant draughts, he sends the patient to bed; perhaps he has the terrible lancet in his pocket. Again and again Trikoupes was called to power in order to provide a remedy for a desperate situation; his prescriptions were rarely palatable, and the nation winced under his drastic treatment. At one time he had to reverse a policy of military adventure on which the people had set their heart; at another, to impose a crushing load of taxation; at another, to sweep away the disguises which concealed a hopeless financial situation, and to make a frank but humiliating confession of national bankruptcy. The occasions on which he was summoned to display the resources of his statesmanship were not of that kind which gratify the amour propre of a sensitive nation, and bespeak its enthusiasm for a popular leader.

Greece is, undoubtedly, the most democratic nation in Europe-perhaps in the world. In south-eastern Europe the rule of the Turk obliterated all social distinctions, and swept away every vestige of feudalism. Roumania alone, which was never so completely under the Turkish yoke, retains an aristocratic class; but Servia, Bulgaria and Greece are democratic to the core. In Servia and Bulgaria, however, the Slavonic instinct of obedience exists, the value of which is nowhere better shown than in the admirably disciplined Bulgarian army. In Greece every man is, in his own opinion, as good as his fellow-not only socially, but morally and intellectually; wealth, ability, and high character, of course,

count for something; but they are only regarded as accidental to the individual. There is little respect for dignities-so little, indeed, that it has been said that every soldier in the army is a general, and every sailor in the navy an admiral. A cabinet minister, seeking re-election to the Chamber, throws open his drawing-room to his constituents. Men of every rank and class of students, society-lawyers, doctors, cabmen, laborers-troop in, wearing their hats, and smoking cigarettes. Not that they mean any disrespect, far from it; but they see no reason for making any alteration in their usual They come to express their views on the topics of the day; they interrogate the candidate at length, and warmly grasp his hand; they ask any little favor they may want, and go their way. It would be interesting, if my subject permitted, to draw a contrast between the democracy of the Balkan peoples and that of the Greeks; briefly speaking, it may be said that the former is embodied in the traditions of pastoral and agricultural communities. while the latter is, to some extent at least, the relict of an ancient civilization, which accorded to the free-born citizen the right of forming and expressing an independent judgment upon all things sacred and profane.

The Greek democracy, ancient and modern, has usually followed the lead of demagogues, and it seems at first sight difficult to understand how a statesman so essentially aristocratic in his manners and ideas as Trikoupes contrived to exert an almost permanent influence over his fickle and unruly fellow-countrymen. From 1882, when he first came forward as the head of a large party, up to the beginning of last year, when he finally resigned office, he was continuously in power except for intervals altogether amounting to a little over three years. Such a prolonged exercise of authority is unparalleled in modern Greek history. The fact is that democracies are wont to tire of demagogues, as children tire of toys; and a time of reaction comes when they submit themselves voluntarily to the mastery of a strong hand and an iron will. Much of Trikoupes' strength lay in his dissimilarity to those over whom he The reserve and coldness of manner, the open indifference to censure or praise, the haughty bearing which gained him the name of "the Englishman," contributed to establish his supremacy over a demonstrative and excitable people. This was recognized by his enemies, who sometimes accused him of affecting these characteristics, which, in truth, were due to his conscious sense of overwhelming power, and in part, perhaps, to his English education.

Some years ago, in the pages of this review, I ventured to compare him with Perikles and Phokion among the ancients, and with Parnell among the party leaders of recent times. Perikles, he atoned for the unpopularity of his manners by the brilliancy of his eloquence, which captivated the people and bore down all opposition. His oratory was essentially of the synthetic kind; his arguments were massed with extraordinary force and cogency, and persuasion, as Eupolis said of his great prototype, sat upon his lips. Disquisitions on finance are seldom interesting except to experts, and yet, to those who can peruse them in the original, Trikoupes' budget speeches are absorbing reading-there is an absolute mastery of the subject which compels conviction, a comprehensiveness of treatment combined with an avoidance of wearisome detail, a perfect lucidity of exposition and a grace and beauty of style which seem to reveal new capabilities in the modern Greek tongue. The comparison of Trikoupes with the two illustrious Athenians must not, of course, be pressed too closely; like both he was distinguished by probity of life, by moral force of character and a certain "splendid isolation" from all his contemporaries; but he was equally remote from the lavishness of Perikles as from the misanthropy and pessimism His resemblance as a of Phokion. party leader to Parnell cannot fail to strike those who have had any personal knowledge of the great Irishman. Both statesmen discovered the art of taming and disciplining an unruly and turbulent following, and the explanation of their success is to be found in their absolute dissimilarity to those whom they ruled. There was an immeasurable distance between Parnell and the ablest of his lieutenants, and he took care that it should never be lessened. An aristocrat at heart and an Englishman by descent, he led a band of democratic Irishmen with whom he had nothing in common except a political programme. Trikoupes was the only Greek statesman in modern times who succeeded in forming a large and well-disciplined party on the English model. There were, indeed, occasional secessions from its ranks, but the deserters were, as a rule, obscure individuals who abandoned their chief from personal motives. In no instance did any of them attempt to set up as an independent leader.

Charilaos Trikoupes was the son of a distinguished man and of a beautiful and accomplished woman. His father, Spyridon Trikoupes, one of the foremost figures in the struggle for Greek independence, was twice prime minister to King Otho and three times Greek minister in London. He was a man of high cultivation and attainments, distinguished alike as a statesman, diplomatist, historian, and poet. The family had for generations occupied a respected position at Mesolongi, and it was here that Spyridon Trikoupes pronounced the funeral oration over Byron, who had been his intimate friend. Madame Trikoupe was sister of the celebrated Alexander Mavrokordatos. Charilaos was bornat Nauplion, then the Greek capital, on the 11th July, 1832, in the house of Kolokotrones, another of the heroes of the Greek insurrection. It chanced that the guns of the citadel were fired at the moment of his birth, and the circumstance was regarded as an auspicious omen by the friends of the family. One of these, the gallant Admiral Miaoules, was so overjoyed on hearing that Madame Trikoupe had given birth to a son that, regardless of conventionalities, he burst into her bedroom and shouted to her that he would be godfather to her boy. It is usual in Greek families to name the eldest son after his paternal grandfather, but the rule was departed from in this case, as Madame Trikoupe had decided to call the boy Charilaos ("joy of the people"), believing that a great future was in store for him.

Next year King Otho arrived in Greece: the most important appointments in the administration were given to Bavarians, and men like Spyridon Trikoupes and Mavrokordatos, who had effected the liberation of their country, were sent away to occupy diplomatic posts Spyridon Trikoupes was nominated to London, and it was thus that young Trikoupes made his first acquaintance with England, where his sister Sophia, his life-long companion, was born. In 1843 King Otho, who up to that time had ruled absolutely, was compelled to grant a constitution, and young Trikoupes, who had come to Athens with his parents during the crisis, began the regular course of study at the gymnasium. He was a diligent student and his teachers were much struck by the thoroughness of his work and his determined persistence in getting to the root of every difficulty. He showed a special aptitude for mathematics and took a delight in solving difficult problems without assistance. The same strenuousness of character was apparent in his amusements as well as in his studies; he cared little for gymnastics, but he had imbibed a love for field sports with the English atmosphere, and before he was twelve years of age he had become an excellent "shot," and was accustomed to make long excursions in the mountains of Attica in search of game. He was a keen fisherman and an accomplished horseman, and he was fond of aquatic sports, such as rowing, swimming, and diving. He entered the university at Athens, but at the age of seventeen removed to Paris, where he completed his

studies and obtained the baccalauréat I and the doctorat. While at Paris he studied chemistry and anatomy during his leisure hours. He nominally began his diplomatic career, being appointed attaché to the Greek Legation. education was thus carried out under Greek and French auspices, but he spent most of his vacation time in England; and in 1852, at the age of twenty, he was appointed secretary to the Legation in London, and began the eleven years' residence in England which left such a marked influence upon his character and his career. His father and mother enjoyed an almost exceptional position in English society, and young Trikoupes was thus, at the most impressionable age of life, brought into contact with all the most distinguished men of the time. He became the special favorite of Lord Russell-so much so, indeed, that he was nicknamed by his diplomatic colleagues, "Le Benjamin de Lord John."

It was during this period that Trikoupes was enabled to make that profound study of foreign politics which so greatly enlarged his horizon, and subsequently placed him in a position of immense advantage as compared with rival statesmen in Greece. An incident which occurred during his residence in London will serve to illustrate the character of the man. A Greek gentleman, who was personally unknown to him, had been blackballed at the Travellers' Club, which at that time was much frequented by members of the diplomatic body. Trikoupes at once resigned and resolved to establish another club. With the help of Count Corti, afterwards Italian ambassador at Constantinople, and Prince Vasilchikoff of the Russian Legation, he founded what is now the St. James's Club in Piccadilly, which has ever since been the principal haunt of diplomatists. Indifferent to matters which concerned him personally, he was ever ready to resent a slight offered to his country. Some years later, when he was foreign minister of Greece, the Russian government offered him the Grand Cross of St. Anne, but learning that it had bestowed a higher decoration, the Alexander Nevski Order, on the Turkish foreign minister, he returned the insignia. It had been usual for the foreign minister on his appointment to call upon the foreign representatives at Athens, but Trikoupes declined to conform with this custom on the ground that in other capitals the diplomatists pay the first visit.

In 1863 Trikoupes became charge d'affaires in London, his father having returned to Athens after the fall of King Otho. In the National Assembly which elected Prince William George of Denmark as king, not of Greece but "of the Hellenes"—that is to say, of the entire Greek race—he represented the Greeks resident in England, but he attracted little attention on this occasion, for, like Demosthenes, he was not a born orator, and he had not yet cultivated the art of speaking in public.

On his return to London he had the opportunity of rendering his first important service to his country. Lord Palmerston had long made up his mind to hand over the Ionian Islands to Greece, but the project met with the strongest opposition from which had secured the support of Russia and Prussia. Austria's consent to the transfer could only be obtained on the condition that the fortress of Corfu should be destroyed, that the neutrality of the islands should be proclaimed, and that a limit should be imposed on the military and naval forces to be maintained in them by the Greek government. These provisions excited the liveliest indignation in Greece and in the islands, and Trikoupes, in maintaining the views of his countrymen, displayed a persistent tenacity which taxed the patience of Lords Palmerston and Russell. Eventually it was arranged that Corfu and Paxo only should be declared neutral, while the limitation as to the Greek forces was waived.

Returning to Greece, Trikoupes entered the Chamber as deputy for Mesolongi in 1865. I pass rapidly over the earlier portion of his legislative career, for an attempt to describe the political situation in Greece at this time would only bewilder the reader. The

various factions-for there was neither party nor programme in the English sense of the terms-were grouped around certain prominent politicians, who out-manœuvred each other as best they could, and whose bands of followers were continually liable to disruption owing to revolts within their ranks. Trikoupes at first attached himself to Koumoundouros, who, recognizing his great knowledge of foreign affairs, admitted him to his Cabinet as foreign minister in 1867, the year of the Cretan insurrection. In accordance with the prevailing custom, however, Trikoupes soon set up as an independent leader, but it was not till 1874 that he succeeded in attracting the notice of the nation at large. In that year Boulgares, the prime minister, dissolved the Chamber, and in the elections which followed the government exercised such pressure that many of the Opposition leaders lost their seats. Trikoupes was defeated at Mesolongi, and immediately afterwards he published in an Athenian journal an article, written with extraordinary power and entitled Tis mrain (Who is to blame?). In this he pointed out that the responsibility for the abuse of the constitution rested with the crown. "The nation is not to blame," he wrote; "after all the sufferings of 1862 it is again compelled to choose between submission to arbitrary authority and revolt; can it be condemned if it accepts the latter alternative?" The article, which was unsigned, produced an im-The editor of the mense sensation. journal was arrested, but next day Trikoupes published a statement admitting the authorship of the article. He was sent to prison, but was liberated after a short confinement.

Trikoupes was now recognized as the man of the future. He continued to consolidate his party, but his triumph was delayed for some years. In 1877 the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish war produced a fever of excitement in Greece. It was generally felt that the quarrels of the party leaders compromised the interests of the country, and Koumoundouros requested the co-operation of Trikoupes in the formation of a

ministry. Trikoupes declined the invitation on the ground that "the active co-operation of parties which differ, either in their fundamental principles or in their methods, can only be productive of harm." Nevertheless the various rival politicians were shortly afterwards compelled to form a coalition-not by the crown, but by the populace of Athens. The "Great," or "Oecumenical ministry," as it was called, was nominally presided over by gallant old Kanares, but was in reality controlled by Trikoupes, who, recognizing the unpreparedness of the country, resolved on a pacific policy, and Savouroff, the Russian minister at Athens, aided by an aristocratic lady despatched expressly from St. Petersburg, begged in vain for the assistance of Greece. The fall of Plevna gave a death-blow to the Oecumenical minstry, and Koumoundouros and Deligiannes, who succeeded to power, ordered the invasion of Thessaly. Their warlike energies, however, were soon checked by the signature of the San Stefano Treaty.

For the next few years Greece was mainly occupied with the question of territorial compensation to be obtained from Turkey; the people were restless and discontented, and changes of ministry were frequent. The Sublime Porte pursued its usual tactics of delay, but an arrangement was at length arrived at, and Thessaly, with a small strip of Epiros, was given to Greece. The nation was highly dissatisfied with the insignificant portion of the Sick Man's inheritance which fell to its share: Koumoundouros fell, and in 1882 Trikoupes came into power at the head of a strong party. This was the beginning of his long period of administration, by the results of which he must be judged by posterity. If those results seem somewhat disappointing we must bear in mind the enormous difficulty of his task, and the fact that his measures of reform were again and again reversed during the periods when his rival, M. Deligiannes, occupied the premiership. His reforms were of an unpopular character, and were loudly denounced by his democratic rivals. In view of the prevailing corruption he determined to limit so far as possible the influence exerted by individual electors upon the deputies and by individual deputies upon the government. With this object he endeavored to restrict the number of appointments vacated on a change of government, and to establish a permanent staff of civil servants. He reduced the number of deputies in the Chamber and widened the area of electoral districts, the result being that the deputies, having larger constituencies to attend to, were less subject to pressure applied by local partisans. He passed a measure rendering junior officers in the army and navy ineligible as members of the Chamber. He aimed at decreasing the multitude of officeseekers, the semi-educated idlers, who, disdaining agricultural employment or manual labor, spend their time besieging the ministries for appointments or lounging in the cafés while awaiting the return of their own party to power; and in order to effect this purpose he imposed a tax on higher education, which had hitherto been practically gratuitous. The measure was, of course, unpopular and led to noisy demonstrations on the part of the students at Athens. organized a system of military police which, on the whole, worked admirably: hitherto the preservation of order and the detection of crime had been left to local constables, who for the most part were the creatures of some political clique and were entirely unfit for their duties. These and other reforms have been cancelled by his successors in office, but their effect upon the nation has not wholly died away. The selfdenying character of his legislation contributed no less than the example of his personal integrity to raise the moral tone of the whole Greek people.

The characteristics of his foreign policy were discretion and caution, though there can be no doubt that, had he seen his way to a successful issue, his natural courage and optimism would have led him to embark on the boldest adventures. But in order that Greece might act with effect at any future crisis in Eastern affairs, it was

necessary that she should be financially and materially, as well as morally, strong; her resources must be developed and her armaments reorganized and increased. "Beyond all things," he said, "we must have means." Greece must have roads, railways, harbors, manufactures, and a mercantile fleet. her agriculture must be improved, and her exports increased. She must, in fact, be provided with the outfit of a highly civilized state, and her army and navy must be augmented in proportion to the expansion of her commerce and the improvement of her credit abroad. Meanwhile, she must bide her time, keeping a vigilant eye upon the Greek race still in bondage, and teaching it to await the signal for action from the government at Athens. The rash impatience of the ultra-patriotic party must be kept in control, and the nation must be led in the path of peaceful progress. It was a noble plan indeed, but the question is whether Trikoupes was not over hasty in his efforts to carry it out. Could he have remained permanently in power he might, perhaps, have realized his programme, but there was no one else who could take the reins from his hand. Trikoupes, in fact, was too great for the country which he ruled. He could never be brought to see that a small and backward state like Greece was hardly capable of the great and rapid development which he designed for it. He would have been more successful as the ruler of a larger country, endowed with a more advanced and complex civilization.

For a time all went well. 'Trikoupes' high character inspired confidence in the foreign money markets, and he succeeded not only in raising the loans which he required, but in bettering the financial position of Greece by a series In April, 1885, howof conversions. ever, he fell from power. A few months later came the revolution of Philippopolis, and the indignation which that event excited in Greece enabled M. Deligiannes, his successor, to put himself once more at the head of a warlike movement. The blockade of the Greek ports followed, and Greece, to her bitter

disappointment. was compelled to forego her claim for compensation for the aggrandizement of Bulgaria. This was not all, however; the military demonstration had entailed a ruinous expenditure, and the nation had to provide the cost. The finances of the country had never been on a really sound footing since the military adventures at the close of the Russo-Turkish war, and the armaments of 1885-6 brought about the beginning of the end. Trikoupes, returning to power, faced an almost desperate situation without flinching. He imposed extra taxation to the amount of thirty million drachmæ, and the people, for the time at least, bore the burden without murmuring. During the next few years he showed extraordinary resource in his efforts to deal with the financial difficulty. His optimism never deserted him, and he still continued to inspire such confidence abroad, that Greek stocks maintained their price in the market. It was ominous, however, that the loan which he endeavored to raise in 1890 for the construction of the Peiræus-Larissa railway was only partially covered.

In this year a variety of circumstances combined to shake his position. The proletariat was wearied of his long tenure of power. He had been grossly deceived by the Porte which, after inducing him to advise the Cretans not to oppose the introduction of a Turkish force into their island, issued a firman abolishing the Cretan constitution as soon as the army was installed in the fortified positions. The indignation in Greece was intense, and fresh fuel was added to the flame when, at the instance of M. Stambolov, the Porte accorded the "berat," or exsequatur, to the Bulgarian bishops in Macedonia. Trikoupes was beaten at the elections which were held in the autumn, and Deligiannes succeeded to power. In the following year he made a tour in the Balkan Peninsula, in the hope of inducing Servia, Bulgaria, and Montenegro to unite in an offensive league against Turkey with a view to the partition of Macedonia. The plan, which I examined at the time in this

review, was foredoomed to failure. I happened to be at Sophia when Tri-koupes came to visit Stambolov, and witnessed the meeting of these two remarkable men—the one a type of the highest culture and refinement, the other a rough-hewn genius with scarcely a veneer of European civilization.

In March, 1892, King George, perceiving that a financial catastrophe was imminent, recalled Trikoupes to power, and his action was justified by the result of the election which followed. The rate of exchange had risen enormously, and it had become obviously impossible for Greece to procure gold in the market for the payment of her foreign coupons. The depreciation of the paper drachma was, in Trikoupes' opinion, due to an excess of the forced currency, and he now proposed to raise a loan which would enable the government to withdraw the superfluous paper, believing that the rate of exchange would fall in consequence, and that the State would henceforth be able to meet its engagements from the ordinary resources of the budget. Even now the London financiers, to whom he applied, were willing to advance the required sum. They insisted, however, on certain guarantees which seemed likely to prove hurtful to Greek amour propre; an agitation was raised at Athens, and Trikoupes suddenly resigned. The loan fell through, and Greece became bankrupt. The explanation which Trikoupes gave me of his conduct on this occasion was, that convinced that the agitation was directed. not against the terms of the loan, but against himself, he considered it his duty to resign, believing that his successors would sign the contract. this, however, he was mistaken, as M. Sotiropoulos, his successor, effected an arrangement of a different kind, according to which the bondholders were offered script instead of their interest. Trikoupes bided his time, the Chamber met in the autumn, and his party possessing the majority, he was again installed in power.

Trikoupes now proceeded to that

series of arbitrary measures which severest criticism provoked the throughout Europe. He abolished the arrangement made by M. Sotiropoulos, assigned to the bondholders thirty per cent. of their interest, and laid hands on the caisse of the Monopoly Company. These measures could only be justified by absolute necessity, but Trikoupes made it clear that they were of a purely provisional character. It may well be imagined with what pain he made an announcement which finally admitted the failure of his financial policy and involved the humiliation of his country. I must not describe the long negotiations which followed. They resulted in a provisional arrangement which unfortunately, as I think, was rejected on the initiative of the German bondholders. During their progress I was with Trikoupes daily, and often sat with him for hours together. There were times when I could not help suspecting that his health was giving way, though he never would admit that he was unwell: he seemed unlike his former self, and occasionally gave signs of an irritability which I had never noticed before. He was indifferent to the reproaches with which he was assailed by the foreign press, but he keenly resented the aspersions which were cast upon the honor of his country. The failure of the negotiations dealt a fatal blow to his popularity. He resigned office in January, 1895, in consequence of a disagreement with the crown prince on a question of military discipline. In the elections which followed his party suffered a crushing defeat, and he himself failed to secure his return for Mesolongi.

It was in 1890 that I first made Tri-koupes' acquaintance at Athens, and during subsequent visits to Greece I had the good fortune to become his intimate friend. The coldness and reserve of manner which he displayed towards the outer world vanished in the society of those whom he knew well; he would chat agreeably on all kinds of topics, relate amusing anecdotes, or describe in a few humorous and graphic phrases the characteristic peculiarities

of some acquaintance. When engaged in more serious conversation he would spare no pains in illustrating his subject and making his meaning clear; he encouraged discussion and willingly listened to views opposed to his own. The variety of his knowledge was amazing, and his memory was rarely at fault. He was the only statesman I have met who seemed to follow minutely the internal politics of other countries; he was abundantly informed on such subjects as County Councils, Agricultural Allotments, or Home Rule. The latter topic I once discussed with Count Andrassy, who, as a Hungarian, was specially at home in the question, but Trikoupes' knowledge of the subject was more profound.

One of the most remarkable of Trikoupes' characteristics was his un-He worked inceswearied industry. santly from early morning to midnight, returning home from his office or the Chamber to snatch a hasty meal, and denying himself the repose of the midday siesta. He took his food at irregular hours, and never seemed hungry; he never drank wine; he never smoked. He was unmarried, but his modest home in the Academy Street was shared by his sister, a truly remarkable woman, who devoted her life to his cause. From morning to evening Mlle. Sophia Trikoupe received her brother's friends and partisans, thus lightening the burden of his labors and relieving him of social duties. Among the objects of interest in her drawing-room was a beautiful miniature of Byron, which was given to her father after the poet's death by the Duke of Sussex. To those of his own household Trikoupes was all goodness and kindness. Recently while riding through the Mesolongi district on his canvassing tour, he noticed that his servant, who was following on foot, was lame. He dismounted, and placing the man in the saddle, completed the journey on foot. A number of his friends who were following on horseback felt bound to dismount through respect, and thus the whole party, except the servant, walked for the rest of the day. I cannot refrain

from adding another characteristic anecdote, Many years ago Trikoupes was voyaging in a sailing vessel off the Greek coast when a dog fell overboard. Trikoupes requested the captain to lower a boat in order to save the animal's life, but the captain, not recognizing his passenger, refused. Trikoupes at once threw off his coat and leaped into the sea. The captain was, of course, obliged to lower the boat, and thus the dog was rescued.

After his defeat at Mesolongi Trikoupes determined to abandon his political career. The following letter, which he addressed to his sister the morning after the election will be read with interest:—

Mesolongi, 16th April, 1895.

I have just telegraphed to you that I have failed in the election. Do not think that I am the least distressed by my failure. You know I can adapt myself to circumstances, and take my defeat as though it were success. I now propose to announce my retirement from political life. So long as I was elected deputy I was under obligations, both to my constituents and my fellow-deputies in the Chamber, not to abandon my career, but now that I have done all that was incumbent on me in seeking to continue it nobody can blame me if, having failed in my election, I withdraw into private life and bring my public activity to a close. . . . I write this to you in order that you may be aware of my future position. . . . You will understand from what I have written that no one should know when I arrive fat Athens], and no reception should be offered me.

YOUR BROTHER.

Trikoupes was a strong man, and he accepted the stroke of adversity with fortitude. What pained him more than his defeat was the reversal of his legislation by his political opponents. Even this, however, did not wholly dishearten him, and shortly after he left Greece he again began to form plans for the future and to draw up a political programme. But the hand of death was already upon him, and he breathed his last at Cannes on the 11th April, in presence of his beloved sister.

His death has left a void in the

national life which nothing can fill, and it is only when the hour of danger approaches, and when some serious crisis arises in the East, that the Greeks will realize how great a man has passed away from amongst them. They will need the restraint of his sober judgment and the strength of his iron will. For as Thukidides said of Perikles, "he was powerful in dignity of character and wisdom, and having conspicuously shown himself the most incorruptible of men, he curbed the people freely, and led them instead of being led by them. For he did not speak to their present favor, endeavoring to gain power by unbecoming means, but dared to brave their anger while holding fast to his own dignity and honor."

JAMES D. BOURCHIER.

From The Contemporary Review. LA SAISIAZ IN 1895.

BY A. TAYLOR INNES.

The sky had been cloudless for weeks, and it was on the most burning day of the whole autumn that I at last found my way through the dusty vines up to the châlet of La Saisiaz, Mr. Browning has made the place famous. But he has not made it easy to find. It is, as it was nineteen years ago, a

rare nook

Yet untroubled by the tourist, touched on by no travelling book.

In this respect at least, it is, as he says, "comparable" to that other and unnamed spot (I believe to be found near Evian) which was promised to him and his friends on that fatal evening. The omniscient Baedeker knows nothing of La Saisiaz; and intelligent inhabitants of Geneva, like the bookseller who handed me the fourth Tauchnitz volume containing the poem, have never heard its name. What the poem itself reveals as to the locality is that it is near Geneva, and is still nearer Collonge, and lies at the base of the Salève. But, as it happens, there are three Callonges near Geneva; and the

house in the hollow between the Grand Salève and the Petit Salève, in which I had already spent a week, lies between the three. What you want, however, is not Collonge on the southern shore of Lake Leman. Nor is it Collonge (sous Montagne), though that rises near Etrambière, and at the back of the Salève. It is the third, which Browning likewise spells Collonge, but which seems to be properly Collonges (sous Salève), and which is reached from Geneva by the level tramway that runs out between the Rhone and the Salève. As we go out, the Rhone and the rich verdurous valley where it is joined by the Arve are on our right. The Salève rises in grey-white precipice on our left, facing the northern Jura; grey-white, as a long calcareous ridge should be at midday, though it changes color with the morning and evening rays, while Jura has its counterchanges on the right. But Collonges nestles in the valley to the left, and up from Collonges the road twists and winds for a mile or more over the débris which the mountain has piled at its foot. Two-thirds of the way was soon passed, and standing under a great green walnut-tree, a natural landmark on the hillside, I had a full view of the place I sought.

La Saisiaz is a tall white house with red roofs, surrounded by dark-green poplars. It has for at least the last twenty years been the property of Dr. Roussel, whose winter residence is at present in Nice, and who uses his house on the Salève as a summer residence or pension for patients under his charge. It stands well out on the clay ridge, and the name Saisiaz, which is said to be Savoyard for "the sun," may have been well-deserved on such a blazing day as the present, before the vegetation now around it had grown. It has grown now luxuriantly, but even the tall poplars were planted by the present owner, who has also acquired from the Commune a little wilderness on the eastern or Geneva side, and whose rights extend up towards the face of the highest cliff of the Salève above the house. The house is full, and the ten or twelve patients in it leave no room for additions. But Dr.

Roussel was very courteous to the inquiring stranger, and willing to believe that his charming house may derive a new interest from the remembrance of its guest of eighteen years before, difficile as he understands Mr. Browning to have been as a poet even for his own countrymen.

Accordingly, the châlet contains all the memorials of the visit paid to it by Mr. Browning and his sister in 1877.1 Up in the third story is the poet's little room-almost a garret-with a bed still in the same corner, and one eastward window looking to Lake Leman, But outside the window is a balcony, and out into the corner of this Browning had lifted one of the chairs from his room, fastening it to the iron balister with a string knot, which after so many years remains unsevered. Here he sat, and on the low rail at his right hand he had adjusted a plain wooden desk, still clinging there as when the poet with his own hands, or the village carpenter under his instructions, set it up.

In the letter which he wrote to Mrs. Fitzgerald on August 17, 1877,<sup>3</sup> while he describes La Saisiaz all round, he makes special mention of his eastern window and the aërial seat outside it:—

How lovely is this place in its solitude and seclusion, with its trees and shrubs and flowers, and, above all, its live mountain stream, which supplies three fountains and two delightful baths, a marvel of delicate delight renced in with trees-I bathe there twice a day-and then what wonderful views from the châlet on every side! Geneva lying under us with the lake and the whole plain bounded by the Jura and our own Salève, which latter seems rather close behind our house, and yet takes a hard hour and a half to ascend -all this you can imagine, since you know the environs of the town. The peace and quiet move me most, and I fancy I shall drowse out the two months or more, doing no more of serious work than readingand that is virtuous renunciation of the glorious view to my right here as I sit

<sup>2</sup> Life, p. 314.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> An alpenstock, with a travel-record from Chamounix round to Pissevache, is the memorial of a later—apparently a last—visit in 1879.

aërially like Euripides, 1 and see the clouds come and go, and the view change in correspondence with them.

But sometimes, when Mr. Browning was supposed to be sitting in this pendent nest and aërial cradle, he was still loftier than the world of La Saisiaz suspected. For higher still, poised above the red roofs and reached by a short iron ladder, there was and is a little square wooden platform, with a seat or two upon it, affording to the climber a magnificent prospect in all directions of the great rock-enclosed vale. "My quarter-deck" Browning used to call it. And, admirable as the roof-view seemed to me even by day, by night it sometimes became, as the poet explained to Dr. Roussel, weird and wonderful. As the moon rose over the dark ridge behind, its misty and tremulous light seemed to fill the whole valley like a brimming lake. Houses, hamlets, trees, rocks, and vines disappeared from view, and all around there was nothing left but a shimmering expanse, over which floated, or seemed to float, La Saisiaz-La Saisiaz and that highest coign of vantage from which the solitary poet now watched "the stars one by one come lamping," as in early days he had

<sup>1</sup> An Aristophanie reminiscence. The comic poet attacked both Socrates and Euripides for their "meteor-philosophy," and Euripides, in an Alcestis chorus, had laid himself open by claiming to be "high-soaring." Accordingly, in "The Clouds," Socrates has his basket; and in the Acharnenses, when an old fellow shouts at the door of the tragic poet, "Is Euripides within?" his servant answers (parodying a famous phrase of his master), "He is within and not within," and goes on to explain, "His mind is abroad panting after little verses, but his body is up-stairs." The rustic urges him to come down-stairs, " Why do you compose up there, when you might as well do it on the ground?" but the poet refuses; and at last consents, not to descend, but to be "wheeled forward" in the encyclema. This was a semi-circular machine in the Greek theatre, which moved on wheels and could be pushed out and back again; and on this Euripides was now revealed to the Athenian mob, sitting aërially with beggar's rags and other favorite dramatic properties around him. Browning's balcony, half within and half without La Saisiaz, with the poet and his pens, ink, and paper suspended in the air, inevitably recalled to him this incident of warfare between the two poets whom he loved.

watched Jove's planet rising silent over Africa, across Trafalgar Bay.

From this house Browning, on the evening of September 13, 1877, set out on a memorable walk. He and his party had planned for the following morning a long drive, winding up by the west end of the Salève to the summits which are known as Pitron and which face Mont Blanc. But this evening he paced as usual "the low grass-path" in company with his old friend A. E. S.2 the lady whose initials precede the poem which embalms her memory. She had spent two previous autumns with the Brownings in France, and that of 1876 in Arran, in Scotland; and now, in 1877, she had discovered La Saisiaz. For weeks past they had done nothing adventurous: Miss Smith indeed had come to consider that accustomed path "her own," but on this evening she suddenly proposed to exchange it for a climb up the face of the Salève.

> You asked, as forth we sallied to see sunset from the vale,

"Why not try for once the mountain—take a foretaste, snatch by stealth

Sight and sound, some unconsidered fragment of the hoarded wealth?

Six weeks at its base, yet never once have we together won

Sight or sound by honest climbing; let us two have dared and done

Just so much of twilight journey as may prove to-morrow's jaunt

Not the only mode of wayfare—wheeled to reach the eagle's haunt!"

No sooner said than done. The deepest cleft in the long precipice of the Salève is just behind the châlet, and up this the two went together,

Daring, doing, arm in arm, if other help should haply fail.

The time must have been shortly before six in the evening, for my visit was made in the same week of September, and only that exact hour would in that week have enabled them to face the reflected sunset. They did face it and watched

<sup>2</sup> Miss Ann Egerton Smith.

the rose-bloom o'er the summit's front of stone

Where Salève obtains, from Jura and the sunken sun she hides,

Due return of blushing "Good Night," rosy as a borne-off bride's,

For his masculine "Good Morrow" when, with sunrise still in hold,

Gay he hails her, and magnific, thrilled her black lengths burns to gold.

But the sunset flush was only one of the attractions which drew them step by step towards the summit.

Every side the glance was bent O'er the grandeur and the beauty lavished through the whole ascent.

Ledge by ledge, out broke new marvels now minute and now immense:

Earth's most exquisite disclosure, heaven's own God in evidence!

I doubt whether they climbed to the actual top. Mr. Browning did so five days later, and Dr. Roussel thinks it not a difficult walk, even for a lady. "Petty feat and yet prodigious" is what the poet chooses to call it. But they went so far as only to be arrested by the view from the height:

Ah, the thicket's sudden break! What will be the morning glory, when at dusk thus gleams the lake?

Light by light puts forth Geneva: what a land—and, of the land,

Can there be a lovelier station than this spot where now we stand?

If "the land" were supposed to be Switzerland the challenge would be a bold one; and those who had recently travelled, as we had leisurely done, from the dark cliffs of Uri to the snowpeaks of Wengen, and across the Gemmi to the Clarens shore, might have had scruples. But La Saisiaz is really in Savoy, and so in the pleasant land of France; and standing on that evening at the same hour under the same cliff where the lady and the poet had stood eighteen years before, I felt the whole force of his appeal. Jura had already hid the sunken sun, and over its immense length of horizon nothing was to be seen but a faint yellow light. But in the west, in the great gap through which the Rhone and the barbarians have so often cleft their way, there was an architectural piling up of sunset color. The crimson of the lower sky melted upwards into a depth of indescribable green, and that again gradually lost itself in first a faint and then a deeper blue, a blue which crept hesitatingly round the long curve of both Salèves, but became more intense and dark with every climbing sweep into the crystalline dome overhead. In such a sunset-temple it was natural to recall the subject of conversation in that walk of 1877. For, if not in the actual climb, at least before or after it. in "that soft tread on velvet verdure as it wound through hill and hill," the two friends seem to have discussed a then recent fence-play or symposium on "The Soul and Future Life." What part each took in the discussion is not clear; a passage on this near the close of the poem is more doubtful than even Browning usually attains to be. But his own position, then and a week later, is clear. Of God and of the Soul he was sure. But whether the soul is immortal is another question; and neither in nature around, nor in his own heart within, did he find any clear answer to it.

Not above in yonder dome

All a rapture with its rose-glow,—not around, where pile and peak

Strainingly await the sun's fall,—not beneath, where crickets creak,

Birds assemble for their bedtime, soft the tree-top swell subsides,—

No, nor yet within my deepest sentient self the knowledge hides!

But the talk as well as walk were now ended, and as they left the cliff they met, coming from Collonges, the other two members of their party. All turned into the châlet, and the evening meal then proceeded in the highest spirits, with closing injunctions to

Mind to-morrow's early meeting! We must leave our journey marge

Ample for the wayside wonders; there's the stoppage at the inn

Three parts up the mountain, where the hardships of the track begin;

There's the convent worth a visit; but, the triumph crowning all—

There's Salève's own platform facing glory which strikes greatness small, —Blanc, supreme above his earth-brood, needles red and white and green,

Horns of silver, fangs of crystal set on edge in his demesne.

The day so looked forward to was again brilliant, and Mr. Browning describes his eager morning's walk. The "bath-pool" mentioned is covered thick by the verdure of La Saisiaz and is deep within its precincts; the "quarry" is one or two hundred yards outside on the lower path to Collonges.

Up I rose and forth I fared:
Took my plunge within the bath-pool,
pacified the watch-dog scared,
Saw proceed the transmutation—Jura's

black to one gold glow, Trod your level path that let me drink

the morning deep and slow, Reached the little quarry—ravage recom-

pensed by shrub and fern—
Till the overflowing ardors told me time
was to return.

So return I did, and gaily.

But, for once, the tall white figure was not waiting to greet him on any of the mounds below the châlet. Had her sleep been so profound? No; her chamber-window (looking eastward and exactly below Mr. Browning's own) was open, and she must have gone down to the terrace-a square of levelled turf with a view (of the whole valley, of Jura and Salève, of the Rhone and the Arve, and of Geneva's "congregated peace of homes and pomp of spires") only inferior to that from the roof. But Miss Egerton Smith was not or the terrace; and, surprise rapidly passing into alarm, the inquirers hurried to her room, and pushing it open, found her dead upon the floor! Mr. Browning himself was the first to lift the body (Dr. Roussel was absent from La Saisiaz for the day), and as it was still warm, and she had been talking and laughing with the domestics only a minute or two before, every effort was at once used to retain or restore animation. But all was in vain.

Gone you were, and I shall never see that earnest face again

Grow transparent, grow transfigured with the sudden light that leapt,

At the first word's provocation, from the heart-deeps where it slept.

"You supposed," he adds, in a passage of still more tender characterization.

You supposed that few or none had known or loved you in the world ;

Maybe! Flower that's full-blown tempts the butterfly, not flower that's furled.

But more learned sense unlocked you, loosed the sheath and let expand

Bud to bell and outspread flower-shape at the least warm touch of hand

-Maybe, throb of heart, beneath whichquickening farther than it knew-

Treasure oft was disembosomed, scent all strange and unguessed hue.

Disembosomed, re-embosomed—must one memory suffice,

Prove I knew an Alpine-rose which all beside named Edelweiss?

One other paragraph there is in the poem which bears upon the friendship so suddenly terminated. And it, too, is full of the haunting presence of what-might-have-been—of that to which not the friend only, but the friendship might have unfolded:—

Witness, Dear and True, how little I was 'ware of-not your worth,

—That I knew, my heart assures me—but of what a shade on earth

Would the passage from my presence of the tall, white figure throw

O'er the ways we walked together! Somewhat narrow, somewhat slow, Used to seem the ways, the walking, narrow ways are well to tread

When there's moss beneath the footstep, honeysuckle overhead:

Walking slow to beating bosom surest solace soonest gives,

Liberates the brain o'erloaded—best of all restoratives.

The ways were narrow. But they yielded glimpses into the infinite. For the great bond between Miss Egerton Smith and Mr. Browning was music. For years they had gone to London concerts together—"there was no engagement, possible or actual, which did not

yield to the discovery of its clashing with the day and hour fixed for one of these."

Nay, do I forget the open vast where soon or late converged

Ways though winding?—world-wide heaven-high sea where music slept or surged

As the angel had ascendant, and Beethoven's Titan mace

Smote the immense to storm Mozart would by a finger's lifting chase?

Music had been a revelation. But not as death now was:—

Yes, I knew—but not with knowledge such as thrills me while I view

Yonder precinct which henceforward holds and hides the Dear and True.

The precinct which so hides is the cemetery at Collonges. It is about four hundred yards away from the Catholic church there. (French law now forbids interment in or close to the place of meeting of a congregation.) The cemetery in this case is full, and almost crowded; when I saw it last year long lush grasses were allowed to grow over it everywhere, and the air was heavy with the scent of roses red and white. and above them at least one great weeping willow carried out the same suggestion of abandonment to nature and to utter repose. But in the poem it is from a distance that Browning looks down and recognizes the graveyard:-

There you dwell now, plain the four low walls appear;

Those are vineyards, they enclose from; and the little spire which points

-That's Collonge, henceforth your dwelling!

Lovingly Salève protects you; village sports will ne'er encroach

On the stranger lady's silence, whom friends bore so kind and well

Thither "ivet for love" sales" such their

Thither "just for love's sake"—such their own word was.

And this brings us to the climax and motive of the poem. Two days had passed after the funeral, five days after the sudden tragedy in La Saisiaz:—

Five short days, sufficient hardly to entice, from out its den

Splintered in the slab, this pink perfection of the cyclamen;

Scarce enough to heal and coat with amber gum the sloe-tree's gash,

Bronze the clustered wilding apple, redden ripe the mountain ash;

Yet of might to place between us—Oh, the barrier!

Mr. Browning was now pacing restlessly and alone in the low grass path which they had paced together and arm in arm so short a time before. Suddenly he said to himself: "This is my last day here. One of the things she had most at heart was that we should once more see Mont Blanc from the Salève. I will do it to-day!" And it was at once

Dared and done: at last I stand upon the summit, Dear and True!

Singly dared and done; the climbing both of us were bound to do.

But, standing on this later occasion upon the summit of the Salève, the poet no longer gazes southward on Mont Blanc and his brood of young Titans. He turns northward to the valley which had enclosed the last six weeks of that rare comradeship, to the four peaceful walls within which his friend now lay, and to the slopes of La Saisiaz below, on which within this very week they two had debated the question of a life beyond. Inevitably, that question now comes back, and with a new urgency:—

Here I stand: but you-where?

The narrow ways in which it was so well to tread, while life marked them out and hedged them in, no longer existed for one of the two. Is there a way beyond and outside all?

I will ask and have an answer-with no favor, with no fear-

From myself. How much, how little, do I inwardly believe

True that controverted doctrine? Is it fact to which I cleave,

Is it fancy I but cherish, when I take upon my lips

Phrase the solemn Tuscan fashioned, and declare the soul's eclipse Not the soul's extinction? take his "I believe and I declare—

Certain am I—from this life I pass into a better, there

Where that lady lives of whom enamoured was my soul"—where this

Other lady, my companion dear and true, she also is?

"La Saisiaz," it is well-known, deals with the question of immortality in a way neither so powerful nor so positive as the reader of Browning's other poems might naturally expect. His statement of the question is perhaps a little burdened by confusing a future life with "a better;" or, as he more explicitly and very prosaically varies it:—

Is there supplemental happiness Possible and probable in life to come?

Conscious of optimism, in temperament as well as in principle, Browning begins by steeling himself against the favorable response to a question so put.

Shall I stipulate "Provided answer suit my hopes, not fears?

Weakness never needs be falseness: truth is truth in each degree

—Thunderpealed by God to Nature, whispered by my soul to me.

But his next step is more valuable, and more characteristic. He fixes what for him must be the bases of the argument. Every such question pre-supposes two things: first, that the thing itself, which questions and answers, exists: and this it calls Soul. But, second, the soul also knows that there is a thing perceived outside itself, which it calls God:—

a force

Actual ere its own beginning, operative through its course,

Unaffected by its end,—that this thing likewise needs must be.

These two, Soul and God, are "the only facts for me;" the foundations of all proof, and not needing themselves to be proved. How much is implied in Soul on the one hand, and in God on the other, he does not now inquire. He pictures God outside us, as the great world-stream in the midst of which the

individual finds himself planted and swaying like a slender rush. The rush knows the stream is there, and it knows also that it is there itself. But these make up all its knowledge. How long it is to remain in the stream, that is another matter, and one which it does not know. The persistence of a stream does not imply the persistence of God (as he is conceived by Browning throughout his poems) may not imply the persistence of the soul-at least, of the soul which has found its relation to him (and relation of a soul Browning prefers everywhere to define as Love)instead of following out such a line as this, the poet turns to criticise the arguments of pleaders for immortality in all ages, especially as they were reproduced in that recent symposium. And he finds them inconclusive. The ready "man were wronged else," the rash "and God unjust," do not prove immortality. He will only accept proof from his own experience. And interrogating himself, he starts with one thing. There is no reconciling wisdom with a world distraught, or goodness with triumphant evil,

If you bar me from assuming earth to be a pupil's place,

And life, time—with all their chances, changes—just probation-space,

Mine, for me.

And these three words of individualism he passionately emphasizes. What I call "green as grass" my color-blind neighbor calls "red as grass."

God must judge 'twixt man and me.

To each mortal peradventure earth becomes a new machine,

Pain and pleasure no more tally in our sense than red and green:

Although fancy scarce may grapple with the complex and immense

"His own world for every mortal!"

Yet Browning is willing, here as often previously, to take the argument on that footing. Even so, he finds human life, under a divinity both good and omnipotent, a hopeless riddle:—

Were earth and all it holds | illusion mere,

Only a machine for teaching love and hate and hope and fear

To myself, the sole existence, single truth 'mid falsehood,—well!

Still—with no more Nature, no more Man as riddle to be read,

Only my own joys and sorrows now to reckon real instead—

I must say—or choke in silence—"Howsoever came my fate,

Sorrow did, and joy did nowise—life well weighed—preponderate."

It is a remarkable declaration from lips so joyous as Browning's. But having made it, he must come to the conclusion that life—this life taken alone cannot explain or justify itself:—

Must the rose sigh "Pluck—I perish!" must the eve weep "Gaze—I fade!" Every sweet warn "'Ware my bitter!"

every shine bid "Wait my shade!"?
Can we love but on condition that the thing we love must die?

Needs there groan a world in anguish just to teach us sympathy?

And while

Only for myself I speak, Nowise dare to play the spokesman for my brothers strong and weak,

he comes, for himself, to the result:-

Only grant a second life, I acquiesce

In this present life as failure.

And looking down from the Salève brow, along the winding ways between it and the grave of the Dear and True whom he had so lately lost, he breaks out:—

Grant me (once again) assurance we shall each meet each some day,

Walk—but with how bold a footstep! on a way—but what a way!

-Worst were best, defeat were triumph, utter loss were utmost gain.

Can it be, and must, and will it?

Silence

For he has no knowledge, only hope. And to show that he cannot depend upon "aspiration, reminiscence, plausibilities of trust," and, indeed, does not

need them, he works over the argument again in dialogue form, but on a lower intellectual level. The champions are Fancy and Reason, and his soul stands umpire between. Fancy says, Let us assume not only God and the soul, but also immortality-what follows then? Reason replies, "Suicide follows"-as soon as the clouds darken our earthly sky. But, adds Fancy, I assume not only immortality but a future heaven, and a hell for suicide. What then? "Nothing!" replies Reason; only wait. "Not so fast," finally says Fancy; I will also that every good done here shall inevitably bring its gain and reward. and every evil its amercement and loss, in that life to come. "But that," answers the too prosaic Reason, "means a law," and if you tie happiness and misery to man's good and evil by a law, he loses his liberty of choice, and, "man doing what he must" can no longer be said to do either good or evil. That is so, at least, with natural law; natural laws men must obey; but as to what you call moral law, or desert, man

dishelleves

In the heart of him that edict which for truth his head receives.

And Reason seems to disbelieve it on the same or similar grounds. At all events, either Reason, or the soul resuming its position of umpire between two very wooden combatants, now goes back from the dialogue to God, and to man's soul on its probation in a life which yields a mere surmise of immortality.

This dialogue, it has been suggested. is a late concession to science. It is certainly a lapse from poetry; and the imbecile suggestions of Fancy, no less than the logic-chopping of Reason, contrast with the intellectual passion of Browning's earlier and more characteristic works. Some of these greater works are strongly Christian. But although this later dialogue is a plea for uncertainty, and that in such a serious matter as immortality, it by no means follows that we have here a new and hostile attitude to the Christian revelation, any more than to natural religion. There is no reason to think that Brown-

ing at any period of his career thought of any revelation as one which freed us from doubt and difficulty. He did not even think it desirable that it should so free us. His "Easter Day," is written throughout to show how he thanks God that he finds it "hard to be a Christian," when he might have instead lounged at his ease through a "ghastly smooth life" in earth's paddock. The still greater "Christmas Eve," while it includes an argument for immortality, accumulates and exaggerates the difficulties of Christianity as presented by all the schools-catholic, critical, and evangelical-in order that the speaker may go past all the "earthen vessels" to the living water itself. And the "Death in the Desert" is a plea for uncertainty as to the specific matter of the miraculous evidence of Christianity, culminating in an apostolic declaration that this dreaded but desirable uncertainty was to be the "burden of the latest time." At no period was it possible for him to accept his Christianity in bulk from any human authority. And this attitude as to the highest grades of earthly experience was worthy of him who, looking down towards its other extreme, ever urged:-

Rather I prize the doubt Low kinds exist without, Finished and finite clods untroubled by a spark,

for in him the doubt-spark soon blazed into the conviction that

All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy God and soul
stand sure.

Still less was Browning likely to load Christianity, in addition to its proper difficulties, with those of the sphere beneath or around it. No sentence in his essay on Shelley, written in 1852, is more noteworthy than where he breaks out: "I shall say what I think. Had Shelley lived he would have finally ranged himself with the Christians. . . . The preliminary step to following Christ is the leaving the dead to bury their dead; not clamoring on His doctrine for an especial solution of difficul-

ties which are referable to the general problem of the universe."

Just as little can Christians blame Browning for founding, in this question of immortality, on God and the soul. and their relation to each other in the present life. Not "other-worldliness," but God in the soul, even in this world. was the badge of the earliest Christianity. And, above all, its Founder, on the classical occasions on which this matter had to be formally met,1 fell back invariably on God and the individual soul, and the relations between them already established here. If there is cause for disappointment it is in the opposite direction, that on an occasion so interesting as this so little has been made by our poet out of categories so pregnant as those with which he starts. Professor Jones of Glasgow, in that admirable study of Browning's philosophy which has just gone into a third edition, holds that Browning's weakness is a scepticism as to man's power to know, as contrasted with his uniform belief in man's power to love. It may be so partly. In this poem the speaker's individualism or subjectivity is driven to the farthest point. Still, a thinker who starts with God and the soul as two fundamental facts of knowledge, so fundamental that they do not need to be proved, has mental furniture enough, provided it is rightly used. And a large use of them should not have been impossible to a thinker who had always proclaimed, as to God, that he is not power but love, and as to the soul, that this life is just our chance of finding love. Something must be allowed for the "unusual depression" which, his biographer says, had seized on him even before his friend's death; something, and still more, for the undesirableness of a poet taking to reasoning in another than the poetic form. In any case

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;There came unto him the Sadducees... And Jesus said unto them, As touching the resurrection, have ye not read that which was spoken unto you by God, saying I am the God of Abraham and the God of Issac and the God of Jacob? God is not the God of the dead, but of the living."—Matt. 12 and 29.

<sup>&</sup>quot;I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth," etc.—John 11 and 25.

Browning in this discussion is not up | to the mark either of his later or earlier time. It recalls (to use the felicitous distinction for which we are indebted to Mrs. Sutherland Orr1) Browning's milieu rather than his centre. It is "middling," and belongs more to the symposium and dinner-table level than to that height of plastic and poetic power by which the world will always remember the poet. For all through his great period, in a score of poems like "Cleon," "Prospice," and "Ben Ezra," we have the faith in God and the soul breaking out into its natural result. And at the close, in his very last published utterances, he takes up again their old phraseology and goes back to their convictions in the words,-

From the first, Power was—I knew.
Life has made clear to me
That, strive but for clearer view,
Love were as plain to see.

When see? When there dawns a day,
If not on the homely earth,
Then yonder, worlds away.

Where the strange and new have birth, And Power comes rull in play.

And he regains by this penultimate confession the right to stand in the next and closing poem as

One who never turned his back but marched breast-forward,

Never doubted clouds would break, Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,

Sleep to wake.

And even in "La Saisiaz" we must not minimize the expression of conviction which concludes the discussion and comes immediately after the dialogue. The passage is a very beautiful one, with its personal allusion and reminiscences:—

Thus have we come back full circle: fancy's footsteps one by one

Go their round conducting reason to the point where they begun,

1 "Quel homme extraordinaire!" M. Milsand once said to me; "son centre n'est pas au millieu,"—"Life of Browning," p. 183. Left where we were left so lately, Dear and True! When, half a week

Since, we walked and talked, and thus I told you, how suffused a cheek

You had turned me had I sudden brought the blush into the smile

By some word like "Idly argued! you know better all the while!"

Now, from me—Oh, not a blusn but, how much more, a joyous glow,

Laugh triumphant, would it strike, did your "Yes, better I do know

Break my warrant for assurance! which assurance may not be,

If, supplanting hope, assurance needs must change this life to me.

So I hope, no more than hope, but hope no less than hope;

By a power and by a purpose which, if no one else beheld

I behold in life, so-hope.

But why, he instantly asks, should Robert Browning singly face the world in defence of his hope in immortality?

Athanasius contra mundum, why should he hope more than they?\*

The answer is, fortunately, not a renewed reasoning, but a renewed protest, that, whatever fame he may possess (and his is at last "a head which men's fancy haloes")-and even if he could combine in himself the glories of the four great writers who make the scene spread out below La Saisiaz illustrious -that, even so, this poet at least would leave the world no lower legacy than his belief in God and in the soul. The passage is remarkable in many ways. It is on the one hand a singular illustration of the sume superbiam quæsitam meritis, attained at last by one who, at an earlier stage, had truly told the British public that they loved him not, and who even now veils his assumption under the most elaborate dramatization. But on the other, this dramatization so glows and coruscates with local color, that it may fitly close these pages of

The squalid village of Bossey, or, as Browning spells it, Bossex, lies on the tramway line from Geneva to Collonges, exactly below La Saisiaz, and, indeed, apparently no more than "a stone's throw" from its lower margin. Browning now stood looking at it, and that very morning he had traversed its lanes to identify the "obscene red roof" of the tenement, now a cattle-shed, where dwelt as a boy the famous son of a Geneva watchmaker. Here he dwelt, in what was then the house and private school of a Swiss pastor, making his first acquaintance at the same time with the delicious country life, and with good and evil generally, and thence

rose

Like a fiery flying serpent from its egg, a soul—Rousseau's.

From Bossex beneath, Browning turns to Leman on the right, where the Villa Diodati "joins the gimmer of the lake," upon the high banks known as Belle Rive.

There I plucked a leaf, one week since ivy, plucked for Byron's sake.

On Byron's famous visit to Geneva, he settled in "a villa in the neighborhood, called Diodati, very beautifully situated on the high banks of the lake, where he established his residence for the remainder of the summer" (Moore's "Life of Byron.") Shelley and his wife took a small house at the same time on the shore, and within ten minutes' walk. But Byron's residence, rising upon the

1 This concluding passage of "La Saisiaz" will always be remarkable for some amazing mistakes as to it made by the commentators of Browning. In the "Biographical and Historical Notes" appended to the seventeenth volume of the complete edition of Browning's works, " Diodati," where the poet plucked a leaf, and which he saw " join the glimmer of the lake," is referred to not as a place but as a man! " Professor of Hebrew at Geneva, he held a high rlace among the Swiss Reformers. He is chiefly celebrated for his translation of the Bible, etc." Dr. Berdoe, in bis excellent and useful " Browning Cyclor ædia," accepts this wonderful suggestion, and improves upon it by first removing Byron from the neighboring Diodati, where Browning went to pluck the ivy in his memory, to the distant Ouchy, and by then presenting the worthy Diodati of the sixteenth century as one of five great men. whom These five famous Browning celebrates. writers-Voltaire, Gibbon, Byron, Rousseau, and Diodati, "who were all theists, passed on the pine-tree torch of Theism from age to age!" high bank behind and above them, is more visible, perhaps even from La Saislaz, and Browning links his last week's visit to the English poet's house with the morning's visit to Rousseau's. "Famed unfortunates" both!

Yet, because of that phosphoric fame,

Swathing blackness self with brightness till putridity looked flame, All the world was witchen.

and in both cases for the same reason. Rousseau preached that all that is good and beautiful lay in the primitive past, and he gave no reason for it, except,

"Which believe—for I believe it." So preached one his gospel-news.

The other, Byron, moaned melodiously of the dying day, and of storm and darkness like a woman's eye, and above all, of the meanness and littleness of man:—

"Which believe—for I believe it," such the comfort man received

Sadly since perforce he must: for why? the famous bard believed.

But if the world accepted the messages of Rousseau and Byron simply because of their belief and their fame, why should it not some day accept the message of Browning too?

Fame? Then, give me fame, a moment!
As I gather at a glance

Human glory after glory vivifying yon expanse,

Let me grasp them altogether, hold on high and brandish well

Beacon-like above the rapt world ready, whether heaven or hell

Send the dazzling summons downward, to submit itself the same,

Take on trust the hope or else despair flashed full on face by-Fame!

Thanks, thou pine-tree of Makistos, wide thy giant torch I wave!

It is difficult to cap this. But even this is surely excelled by the concluding assurance, that when Browning prays for fame for "a moment" in order that "learned for the nonce as Gibbon, witty as wit's self, Voltaire," he may proclaim to the millions that "he at least believed in soul, was very sure of God," he is not speaking of himself at all, but exclusively of that fifth theist—Voltaire.

But of the "human glories" vivifying the Genevan expanse, two yet remain for him to relume. One is Gibbon, whose learning supplies a trunk, a "central solid knowledge," for this giant torch, flashing widely, but "rooted yonder at Lausanne." The other is Voltaire, who makes that central learning seem dull by the flame of wit which flits, and spits and sparkles and coils round and round it on every side; and that restless flame, "what but Ferney nourished it?" Gibbon and Voltaire are enough, he says-but, "since every resin feeds the flame," he adds the all-explosive eloquence of Jean Jacques from Bossex, and the ivy branch, "green forever," of Byron from Diodati.

As Rousseau, then, eloquent, as Byron prime in poet's power,

Lo, I lift the coruscating marvel—Fame! and, famed, declare

-Learned for the nonce as Gibbon, witty as wit's self, Voltaire-

"He there with the brand flamboyant, broad o'er night's forlorn abyss,

Crowned by prose and verse; and wielding, with Wit's bauble, Learning's rod...
Well? Why, he at least believed in Soul, was very sure of God!"

The "Angelus" was pealing from the little church of Veyrier as I took my last view of La Saisiaz. The September night had already begun to darken, but high on the cliff above the châlet one could almost fancy he saw the conflagration which, in the close of this poem, Browning's too suddenly-released imagination has so wildly kindled. Some will hold this protest "against the world," by Athanasius Browning to be a mere flicker of doubt just escaping from despair; others will welcome it as a blaze of defiant optimism. I was content that evening to take it in relation to the question with which he deals, and as being, in his own words, "no less than hope."

From The Cornhill Magazine.
PAGES FROM A PRIVATE DIARY.1

May 7th.—My birthday, and so as good a day as any and a better day than

most for beginning these extracts from my journal. I had thought of compiling a history of the parish by way of "Typical Developments," but it turns out that the new vicar is setting out on the same enterprise; and it is perhaps more in his way than mine. Besides, there is very little history to tell.

Our village is unhonored yet in story, The present residents its only glory,

as Sophocles says in the Coloneus.

The house-martins have begun to think about building on the north side of the house. I had the old nests taken down for the pleasure of seeing these "amusive" little creatures, as Gilbert White would call them, once more at their loved masonry; and this year I nailed boards across the corners of the windows for cleanliness' sake. At first they were rather puzzled and sat on the cross-pieces looking out on the world like tiny Dominicans; then a pair began building in one of the obtuse angles below; then they took themselves off to a window on the east side which had not been tampered with: finally as there was not enough accommodation here for several families, the rest have swallowed their feelings and begun to build as usual. The nightingales are staying longer in the garden than in any year I can remember. There is a tradition that they used to build in the hedge overhanging what was once a more or less public road, but have not done so since the road was added as a shrubbery to the garden. I suppose now that we have a parish council they feel at liberty to withdraw their protest. Swinburne and Matthew Arnold are the

1 There are as good private and "intimate" journals being kept at this moment as any that were kept in the last century. Unfortunately, however, the public will not see them in the course of nature till forty or fifty years have elapsed; till, that is, half their charm has evaporated. The Cornhill has been lucky enough, however, to secure one of the best of these, but only on conditions. The chief of these is absolute anonymity. But after all anonymity only adds the pleasure of guessing. All that can be said of the Cornhill diarist is that he lives in the country, and that, like the author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy," he is paucis notus paucioribus ignotus.—ED. Cornhill.

LIVING AGE. VOL. XI. 564

last poets who have dared speak of the nightingale as Philomela. We all know now that it is only the cock-bird who sings, and poets have had to note the fact. Indeed the only virgin source of inspiration left for modern poetry is Natural Science. She is the tenth muse. There must have been some people who backed the Faun in his contest with Apollo, and I confess that in the daytime the blackbird affects me more than the nightingale, and in all moods. Sometimes it has all the jauntiness of the Pan's pipe heralding a Punch and Judy show, at other times the plangent note, "the sense of tears" which is Pan's contribution to serious art. I think it is partly John Davidson's interest in blackbirds that attracts me to him above the other sixty or seventy young gentlemen who make modern poetry. In the "Thames Ditton" passage of the first "Fleet Street Eclogues," he speaks of their "oboe-voices," and again of their song as "broken music"-one of his cleverest adaptations of a Shakespearean phrase.

8th.-My old gardener has at last condescended to retire. He has been on the place, I believe, for sixty years, man and boy; but for a long time he has been doing less and less; his dinner-hour has grown by insensible degrees into two, his intercalary luncheons and nuncheons more and more numerous, and the state of the garden past winking at. This morning he was rather depressed, and broke it to me that I must try to find some one to take his place. As some help, he suggested the names of a couple of his cronies, both well past their grand climacteric. When I made a scruple of their age, he pointed out that no young man of this generation could be depended upon; and further, that he wished to end his days in his own cottage (i.e., my cottage) where he had lived all his life, so that there would be a difficulty in introducing any one from outside. I suppose I must get a young fellow who won't mind living for the present in lodgings. I make a point as far as possible of taking soldiers for servants, feeling in duty bound to do so: besides, I like to have well set-up men about the place. When they are teetotallers they do very well. William, my coachman, is a teetotaller by profession, but, as the phrase goes, not a bigot. He was a gunner, and the other night—I suppose he had been drinking delight of battle with his peers—he brought me home from —, where I had been dining, in his best artillery style, as though the carriage was a fieldpiece.

9th .- C., who is just home from Cairo, came to dine, and we had much talk about things military which need not be recorded. It seems the Sphinx's cap has been discovered, but one cannot imagine this increasing his majesty; hats are such local and temporal things. C. remarked that some of the papers had been speaking of the Sphinx as "she;" confusing it with the Greek sphinx who asked riddles and made short work of the unfortunates who failed to answer them. But is not his beard in the British Museum? The Egyptian sphinx has far too much serenity to play either the poser or the cannibal. But there is a riddling sphinx of the Nile, a very modern and undignified personage; and the Egyptian question, one may hope, has at last found an Œdipus in England, one might almost say in Lord Cromer. For Lord Cromer typifies, even to exaggeration, in the eyes of native and European, our characteristic qualities, strength hand, and strength of purpose, devotion to athletics and distrust of ideas. His memorial is written in Milner's book, and no praise can be too high for his exhibition of the "Justum et tenacem propositi virum;" the man who knows his mind and won't be bribed. But the French beat us when it comes to ideas. They are imbuing Egypt with a French spirit by working upon the schools. Every French teacher is a political agent; they are all sent out by government and while abroad qualify for pension. What English teachers we have go out on their own responsibility and are altogether ignored by the Foreign Office. Probably Curzon will look into this, now that we are understood to be

not quite on the point of flitting. It is

curious to notice the new type that is being created by young England in Egypt. The usual British alertness, not to say menace, of manner is soothed down into an Oriental dreaminess, as though time had never been called money, and there was no such superstition as free-will; but of course the Orientalizing is only superficial.

11th.-To-day falls our customary beating of the bounds. But the new vicar is for still older customs, and wants to revive the Rogation-tide procession with a litany, especially in view of the present drought. Tom, who is patron of the living and parson's warden, refused to take part and "make a guy of himself," as he expressed it: and Farmer Smith, his colleague, said very bluntly that he would have no papist nonsense in his fields, and "besides, there couldn't be any rain till the wind shifted." So, as the substantial men stood aloof, the vicar had to content himself with the choir-boys, who celebrated the new forms with too much of the old spirit. I suppose my wandering life has purged me from a good deal of insular and Protestant prejudice, for I confess there seems more sense and present advantage in the religious rite than in the civil, when boundaries are all registered in maps. But we have lost whatever instinct we ever had for picturesque ceremonal. The other day I saw the town council of - turn out to meet a royal princess; the majority wore gowns which were much too short for them, and their hats were the various hats of every day. In short, they were ridiculous, and seemed to know it.

This Jingoism in America is too silly. A little while ago it was England, now it is Spain. A schoolboy translated Horace's "Dulce et decorum est propatria mori" by "sweetness and decency have died out of the land." Jingoism is the schoolboy's version of patriotism.

12th.—Read through the second-reading debate on the Education Bill. The proposed devolution to County Councils is a smart piece of political dishing, because, while it places all schools alike

under popularly elected bodies, it removes them from the control of "village Hampdens." Any person of intelligence who has had to do with a village board will rejoice at the change. The ordinary business of assessing and paying grants can be done here as well as at Whitehall, and leave "my Lords" free for more important matters. But it is to be hoped they will present each county with a fairly big minimum of Code, because, excellent judges as we are of roads and workhouses, we have something to learn about education. And as for coopting experts, where are we to get them? Left to ourselves, our temptation will be to over-technicalize the elementary subjects. There will be very little protest from the farmers about raising the age of compulsory attendance, because now that the sharpest boys prefer other callings, the masters have discovered that they can do as well or better without them, by harnessing their horses abreast, using steam ploughs, etc. Clause 27 is of course a Toleration Bill and they are always intolerable to the intolerant; but this one will remove two real grievances. Churchmen will be able to teach their own children in Board Schools, and Dissenters theirs in Church Schools. To pretend that each sect will spend its time in calling its brother "Raca" is idiotic; each will have its own syllabus to work through. If religion is to do anybody any good, it must be a religion in which somebody believes; the caput. mortuum distilled by Agnostics out of Christianity by evaporating dogma, and labelled "undenominational religion," must be about as valuable a tonic for the children of the laboring classes as the wish-wash of "literary influences" that Mr Bryce prescribes-Matthew Arnold's pet nostrum. have an old song in Berkshire:-

Sartinly the sixpenny's the finest ale I've seed yit;

I do not like the fourpenny, but loathe the intermediate.

Let the Church stick to her "sixpenny," and the Dissenters to their "four-

penny," and leave the "Intermediate" to its own concocters.

13th.—It was to-day, how many years ago, that I put a certain serious question to Sophia. The crisis came as we stood by the lily-convally bed in the old manor house garden at —. There was only one lily with any of its bells fully out, and I gave it her, and now I reckon any year normal which brings its lilies into flower by the 13th, to let me pay my annual tribute. This year they came a few days too soon.

The copses and commons—our Berkshire commons are little forests—seem this year more beautiful than ever. The bloom of all the flowering trees, thorns, chestnuts, etc., even the elms and oaks, has been abnormal. The primroses are yielding place now to the wild hyacinths, which show through the trees in broad belts, and smell almost as strong as a bean-field. Soon the bracken will supersede both. My poet Davidson speaks somewhere of these hyacinths as:—

. . . like a purple smoke Far up the bank.

The description is very just. I have a notion that this is what Fletcher meant by "harebells dim," if we accept Bullen's emendation,1 for what we now call the harebell comes too long after the primrose to be connected with it. The beeches are in their full spring beauty, but the oaks are devoured by caterpillar, and too many of them are lying all abroad and naked, like giants stripped of their armor. The depression of agriculture, which London Radicals affect to disbelieve in, is having this result amongst others, that every stick worth cutting is being cut, except in the parks of the big landowners or on the glebes of the clergy, who are debarred from "waste" by law. Old philologers used to explain Berkshire to mean Bare-oak-shire; and the nakedness of the land will soon justify the name.

14th.-Ascension Day being a school

Primrose, first-born child of Ver, Merry Springtime's harbinger With her bells dim.

holiday, my nephews were coming from - to help shoot the rooks; but the morning preacher was too eloquent and they lost their train. Robert is going up to New College after the summer and is already quite a man. He was presented the other day with his first cheque book, and lost his first cheque, but was philosophical about it, because, as he explained, he had drawn it to his own order, and written his name on the back, so that it was quite safe. It will be interesting to see whether responsibility will bring consideration. Tom has overruled his mother that he shall pay his own laundress, since, like the young Phæacian princes, he

Endlessly Wants clothes fresh from the wash that

he may go To dances.

To-day is the centenary of the vaccination of James Phipps by Jenner, which Gloucester, his birthplace, has been celebrating in so becoming a fashion. "No prophet is accepted in his own country." A stranger giving himself out as from Gloucester, probably some wag who knew our nervousness, called a few days ago at the village shop, and the excitement in consequence among the well-to-do has been extraordinary. Tom's wife at once issued a placard appealing to all mothers to set a good example by being re-vaccinated. It appeared in the shop window next the new muzzling order, and seems to have got mixed up with it, for the postman carried about the news that in --- village "all the women were to be muzzled and all the dogs vaccinated." Yesterday was fixed for the doctor's attendance, and old Widow ----, who is eighty-eight, was the first voluntary victim. This morning I offered my wife and children and slaves. The cook, I am told, ripped up her sleeve with a pair of scissors and then went off into hysterics; the ruddy David turned the complementary color, but remembered the story of the Spartan boy in the "Sixth Standard Reader" and did not scream or struggle. Rumor brings in momently fresh stories of heroism.

Last century had its "Ode to Inoculation;" why should Jenner's great discovery lack its memorial? It would be an economy for Mr. Austin to undertake it, as a good many of his Jameson verses would do again; for he will hardly be able to include that poem among his collected works. The heroes might be Gloucester anti-vaccination patriots at last overcome, held down, and massacred by the myrmidons of the local magistrates. The substitution would go very easily. Take one verse as a specimen:—

Not a soul has or supt or slumbered Since the lymph was rubbed in the cleft; But we fought, ever more outnumbered, Till we had not a sound tooth left.

We're not very soft or tender, Or given to weep for woe, But it breaks one to have to render One's arm to the strongest foe.

Why did Mr. Austin receive the laurel? Tom, who thinks that to love Lord Salisbury is a Conservative education, is annoyed when I put the question; but I am convinced it arose from a confusion between Swinford and Swinburne, very natural to one more familiar with scientific than literary distinctions. Our arguments, however, never become really serious, as Tom is not concerned to defend the honor of any poets but those who belong to the county, and these, so far as we know, are only two, Chaucer and the laureate Pye. Chaucer's connection with Donnington is doubtful; but the Pyes are a Faringdon family, and the poet Pye planted that conspicuous clump of trees above the town on the west known as Faringdon Folly. His epic on "Alfred" is Tom's favorite piece.

15th.—The wave of Conservatism seems to have brought with it a revival of interest in Heraldry. Or is this merely due to the savage mania for collecting book-plates? I bought to-day Miss Austen's "Persuasion" in a rather pretty edition, and found her coat of arms printed inside the cover by way of ex-libris. The publishers seem to carry this piece of folly through all their re-

prints, Shakespeare, by way of eminence, having his achievement treated in two styles. Perhaps the new taste may spread in time to the upper classes, and prevent ladies printing their family crest on stationery within a shield. The taste would seem to have reached Cardinal Vaughan, who has conveyed to his own official use the Archiepiscopal arms of Canterbury. One observes too that printers and publishers are reviving their old signs; Longmans publish "at the Sign of the Ship;" the new poetry is sold "at the Bodley Head," or "the bodiless head" as a humorist called it, and I have heard the suggestion made that the new type of "evil and adulterous" novel should not be procurable except "at the sign of the prophet Jonah." This would be a useful guide to us country bumpkins. But to return to Miss Austen. I notice that the first page of this last edition of "Persuasion" piously preserves the awkward misprint of a full-stop in the middle of the description of Sir Walter Elliot and the Baronetage: "There any unwelcome sensations arising from domestic affairs changed naturally into pity and contempt. As he turned over the almost endless creations of the last century, etc."

16th.—Read debate on Navy Estimates. Virgil has put our foreign policy into a single line, "Pacem orare manu, præfigere puppibus arma," which one might translate, after Dryden, "Provoke a peace and yet pretend a war."

The Spectator surfeited for the moment of cat and dog stories, has been opening its voracious columns to a collection of Irish bulls, very curious wild-Many of them present no recognizable bullish features; others are bulls in appearance only, and for the most part confusions of metaphor that happen to be amusing, of the type of the familiar "he never opened his mouth without putting his foot in it" (which is not a bull, because it does not refer to the mouth, though it seems to). The story about "never being able to keep an emetic on the stomach" is in the same way a bull only in appearance:

for the remark has no sense at all if the man knew what an emetic was, unless he meant it humorously; and in neither case would it be a bull. It is of the essence of a bull that it should be nonsense in form only, not in matter. One of the best of those in the Spectator is the following: "When one counts the accidents, dangers, and diseases which beset the journey of life, the wonder is a man lives till he dies." The Irish have no exclusive property in mixtures of metaphor, though their greater imaginativeness makes them more figurative in speech than the common run of Englishmen, and their impetuosity tends to confusion. The following passage is from the carefully written memoirs of one of the greatest English scholars of the century, Mark Pattison: "Even at this day a country squire or rector, on landing with his cub under his wing in Oxford, finds himself much at sea as to the respective advantages or demerits of the various colleges" (p. 16); and of course Shakespeare mixes his metaphors freely.

18th.—I notice that household tempers get tinder-like in a prolonged drought, from the commander-in-chief downwards. Add to this that all the servants' arms have "taken." Time and a few drops of rain will allay these fevers. But meanwhile the rain does not come. "Why don't you let David" -the ruddy buttons-"help you with that, Laura?" "Please, sir, me and "My love, David hates each other." why is Proserpine all blubbered?" (Proserpine is so styled because she works up-stairs in the morning and down-stairs in the afternoon.) "Oh, John, she has broken Uncle George's Venetian glass, and I have been speaking to her. I never saw such a careless girl; but there, they're all alike."

19th.—At luncheon, Miss A., the Scotch governess, asked me if I liked buns. I replied that I liked them if they were made with Sultana raisins and not currants. She blushed. and explained that she meant the poet "Buns." This, it seems, is the patriotic manner of pronouncing Burns. Or let me say a patriotic manner. For I recollect be-

ing taken to hear a lecture in Edinburgh by a Scotch friend, who when it was over invelghed against the speaker's accent. "Why," said I, "I thought it was Scotch!" "Scotch," said he, "It was Fifeshire, man." Miss A. may hall from Fife. Well, I pleaded to an enthusiasm for certain verses of the poet, and asked for her favorite passage. It was this:—

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by every wile
That's justify'd by honor.
Not for to hide it in a hedge
Nor for a train attendant,
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

Poor Miss A.! She showed me the Burns number of a Scots journal in which persons of importance gave their pet quotations. No one seemed to care for the best things. I suppose in the case of songs that are actually sung, it soon becomes impossible to criticise the words. I find even Dr. Service mentioning as the best of Burns's songs "Mary Morison," "My Nanie O," and "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw." Now, unhappily, I am no songster and do not know the tunes of any of these; but I should unhesitatingly assert that to mention the first two in the same breath as the third is "to unstop the string of all degree." In "Mary Morison" the only lines that deserve saying as well as singing are the final couplets of the second and third stanzas.

I sigh'd and said amang them a' Ye are na Mary Morison.

and

A thought ungentle canna be The thought o' Mary Morison.

But these are not sufficient to compensate the insipidity of the rest. "My Nanie O" opens well; after that there are irreproachable sentiments; but for "the golden cadence of poesy," caret. "Of a' the airts" is a creature of another element. The first verse, perhaps, comes as near the border-line where simplicity joins tameness as is safe for a great poet, and the last two lines are

not good; but what amends in the second stanza! Even here I should not like to pin my faith to the fourth line, but the rest is as perfect as a song can be, both in pathos and imagination. It is an interesting study to compare the two versions of "Ye banks and braes of bonny Doon." The extra two syllables in the even lines of the later version seem to me to give the sorrow weight; the shorter line is jerky in comparison.

Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon How can ye blume sae fair! How can ye chant, ye little birds, And I sae fu' o' care! Thou 'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird, That sings upon the bough: Thou minds me o' the happy days When my fause luve was true.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair! How can ye chant, ye little birds, And I sae weary, fu' o' care! Thou 'lt break my heart, thou warbling

Thou 'It break my heart, thou warbling bird,

That wantons thro' the flowering thorn Thou minds me o' departed joys, Departed—never to return.

Burns never wrote anything so "simple, sensuous, and passionate" as the first four lines of the amended version, the epithet "little" seems to me exquisite; but the second quatrain is spoilt, the last line being as bad as anything in his This inequality is a English songs. curious point about Burns; where he is equal throughout, as in "Auld Lang Syne" and "John Anderson my Jo," neither of which has a word one could wish other than it is, it is because the pitch is not very high; in the poems, where he touches sublimity, the pitch is never maintained throughout. Few people would wish a line away from "My luve is like the red, red rose," but few would deny that the first two stanzas are better than the last; and in the "Farewell to Nancy," which contains his finest as well as his best known verses-and surely the love lyric in England has never so perfectly crystallized a tear:-

But to see her was to love her; Love but her, and love forever. Had we never loved sae kindly, Had we never loved sae blindly, Never met—or never parted, We had ne'er been broken-hearted!

there occurs what is perhaps the worst couplet he ever wrote,—

Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee. Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

And he actually repeats these to end with. Of course Burns was a superb satirist, and to enjoy his satire one is content to make acquaintance with the Scotch Kirk, and the Scotch de'il, and even with Scotch haggis.

21st.-Rain at last, but too late to save the hay. My wife and daughter have for a long time been involving me in a bicycle controversy. In vain have I repeated that my prejudices are against the exercise for women; they fixed upon the word "prejudice" and called for reasons. I appealed to custom; Sophia thought it enough to point to the fashion; Eugenia knowing how penetrable I am to a quotation from Shakespeare, overbore me with "What custom wills, in all things should we do't," etc., from "Coriolanus." So I yielded. and it was arranged they should take lessons, and this morning I was permitted to accompany them to see their progress. E. was decidedly graceful and carried herself well; but what shall I say of my dear wife? I suppose being married affects the nerve in women even more than in men. She was forever clutching at the loose locks of the perspiring youth who ran by the side ("O tie with silk your careless hair!"), and I consoled myself, too unkindly, for a dialectical defeat by pondering the lines in "Hyperion:"-

She would have ta'en Achilles by the hair, and bent his neck.

22nd.—The Johannesburg sentences telegraphed. President Kruger should be statesman enough to know, even if he has not read Burke, that "magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom."

To Oxford; wandered through the Bodleian gallery and looked at the old curiosities, and many new ones, such as

the Shelley papers. How like Lord Salisbury is to the portrait of his great ancestor riding on a mule! Has Mr. Gould allegorized this? Walked about and told the towers. Probably St. Mary's spire will satisfy nobody. Why has B. N. C. put so monstrous a lion and unicorn over its new porch? Magdalen looked beautiful, but not so beautiful as before the bridge was widened for the tramway. Somehow the narrow bridge helped the height of the tower. But the modern spirit hates privilege, even the privilege of beauty; and only Radicals may job. There was much talk at luncheon about the admission of women to degrees. It seemed to be the married dons who had led the attack. Possibly they have lived so long on terms of insipid equality with the other sex that they do not realize the effect of mixed lectures upon impressionable undergraduates. Courtship is like "hunt the whistle;" you can't play at it with any interest after you know the game. But there are always fresh generations coming up to whom the whole thing is new; and, let dons say what they please, the universities, no less than the public schools, exist for the training of youth. Happily, the undergraduates so far take the Conservative side. The Radical party forget, too, that if it became as much the fashion for girls as for men to reside at a university, they would no longer be all "reading girls," as at present, but a smart set, and what the effect would be Ouida alone could prognosticate. In the afternoon strolled round the parks, but was driven by weather into the Museum. The anthropological collections seem well arranged, and very interesting, especially the musical instruments. Who would have guessed that the guitar is a development from the bow-string? The new professor of art was lecturing in the theatre to a few, but doubtless fit, ladies. Of the matter I could not judge, but the style was excellent-simple, dignified, and finished, without the over-elaboration usually affected by art-lecturers. One passage especially struck me-upon the splendid audacity of pigments in attempting to render human character,

and succeeding. Went to the service at Magdalen Chapel—performance I would say. Dined with —, dessert in common room; vintage and anecdotes both old and sound, so that no one desired new; "across the" chestnuts "and the wine" renewed my friendship with —

23rd.—This morning's Standard celebrates the close of the session by a leading article, in the conventional three paragraphs, on the Beauties of Nature. But the new wine retains a strong constitutional smack from the old bottles. The "golden tassels of the laburnum" overhang "hundreds of villa residences," each "a typical English home," and when we escape from the suburbs it is to contemplate the "county seats and splendidly timbered parks, through which run rights of way preserved for the public from generation to generation," It always was the landlords who preserved rights of way, and commons too. But it is not only the striking features of the landscape, it is the inscrutable spirit of the universe itself that is to be whipped into the government lobby. "Nature is a Conservative force, admonishing us all to keep together, to act together," by joining her flocks of sheep or leagues of primroses; her method is "a wise, slow continuity, evolving and revolving," like the Great Wheel, no doubt, the "patient under passing disappointments," as, for example, when it gets stuck. It is a great faith and ennobles politics with a religious sanction. But it is a game that two can play at; and it strikes me that the Radicals could make out a better abstract case for themselves as followers of nature. Take, for instance, the following passage from a scientific writer; what a capital text it would make for a dithyrambic leader in the Daily Chronicle!-"Physical life may be said to be the continual struggle every moment against surrounding and imminent death; the resistance of an undiscoverable principle against unceasing forces; and it holds its own and lasts by replacing waste, by repairing injuries, by counteracting poisons."

25th.—Whit-Monday is a high day with many of the benefit clubs in our

neighborhood. It has in fact taken the place of the old Berkshire feast or "revel," which was already fast decomposing when Hughes described it in "Tom Brown's Schooldays." There is only one old man in the village, so far as I can learn, who ever took part in a "back-swording" contest, and he only once. His story is that an "old gamester" asked him to make play for him, promising to let him off easily; but the incessant flicker of the single-stick before his eyes so roused his bile that, being a brawny fellow, he beat down the old gamester's guard by sheer force and "broke his head." He has no sentimental regret at the disappearance of backswording, which, as he describes it, must have been brutal enough; and he insists that the wrestling was as bad, the shoes of the wrestlers being often full of blood from cuts made by the sharp leather. A degenerate age is content with cricket and football, which are vastly better civilizers both of thews and temper. All the morning on Whit-Monday, the purveyors of amusement, mostly gipsy, are getting their stalls, and cocoanut pavilions, and merry-go-rounds into place; then the town band arrives a little before noon and plays the members into church. Dinner follows in the big barn, the gentlemen interested in the club doing the carving. When everybody is well wound up, the annual meeting is held, the honorary secretary makes an inaudible report, new officers are elected, the queen's health is drunk, and everybody proposes a vote of thanks to everybody else. Then the whole company migrates into Tom's park and gardens to watch the cricket-match, or swing or loaf as their fancy leads them, except a few thirsty enthusiasts who prefer playing skittles at the Blue Boar for a cheese to make them thirstier. time comes dancing, and in time the band marches out of the park drawing the youths and maidens after it.

27th.—Punch has another picture joke this week about a bishop. Of course there are well-known reasons why the Church of England is not much in favor with our chief comic paper, but they

are scarcely sufficient to account for the frequency with which bishops adorn its pages; and to one who, like myself, has an almost Waltonian affection for the bench this determination to find or make them ridiculous is provoking. It would not be an unprofitable matter for consideration at the next Church Congress. The dress may have something to do with it, especially the "apron," as it is called, which does not explain itself as a walking cassock. One of Julian Sturgis's most successful "Little Comedies" turns upon a bishop unbuttoning his apron. Then there is the shovelhat, which came in, says Fitzgerald, "with the gift of tongs;" so that is doubtless preserved as standing witness to the Apostolical Succession. Then, of course, there is the dignity; so difficult to manage because it came late in life, though in that bishops are no worse off than law lords; but still more because it is so curious an amalgam of worldly and spiritual elements. One could not imagine the mildest of barristers apologizing to the lord chancellor for one of his lordship's breakfast eggs, that "parts of it were excellent," as Punch makes a curate apologize to his bishop. And then, again, there is the "madam" "mistress," about whom Selden made so merry, and in these all but last days Trollope; sharing in neither dignity, but too often affecting a higher degree of both. There is no doubt that the world loves asceticism in its clergy; Manning's face must have been worth a good deal to his adopted Church. However, the cassock matter might well be referred to a committee of the Upper House of Convocation. An inch or two might make all the difference: "A little more and how much it is!" joke reminds me of a story I heard of -'s little girl. She was put next to Bishop — at luncheon, and told to behave herself accordingly. Her mode of doing so was to say, "For G--'s sake, bishop, pass the salt."

29th.—The scythes have begun in the bottom meadow; there is no more cheerful sight and no more delicious sound when the grass is worth cutting, but this year it is all "bennets." "It shall

be called Bottom's Dream, because there is no bottom." Turned over Bacon's "Essays." He is not Shakespeare, but he is often as surprisingly modern, sentence after sentence seems written with an eye to current events. Take this, for instance: "To be master of the sea is an abridgment of a monarchy" (i.e., a monarchy in miniature). Surely at this day, with us of Europe, the vantage of strength at sea (which is one of the principal dowries of the kingdom of Great Britain) is great; both because most of the kingdoms of Europe are not merely inland, but girt with the sea most part of their compass; and because the wealth of both Indies seems in great part but an accessory to the command of the seas."

And here is our Armenian policy. Among unjustifiable wars Bacon ranks those "made by foreigners under the pretence of justice or protection to deliver the subject of others from tyranny and oppression."

And here is a judgment on the Transvaal government: "All states that are liberal of naturalization towards strangers are fit for empire."

Here, too, is one side of the colonial secretary: "Wonderful is the case of boldness in civil business: What first? Boldness. What second and third? Boldness. It doth fascinate and bind hand and foot; therefore we see it hath done wonders in popular states, and more ever upon the first entrance of bold persons into action." This is, of course, the passage from which Danton stole his "Il nous faut de l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace."

Here is a good criticism on the Drink Commission: "In choice of committees for ripening business for the Council, it is better to choose indifferent persons than to make an indifferency by putting in those that are strong on both sides."

Finally, the following judgment of a great soldier on duelling might well be commended to the notice of the German emperor: "It were good that men did hearken to the saying of Consalvo, the great and famous commander, that was wont to say 'a gentleman's honor bould be de tela crassiore—of a good

strong warp or web, that every little thing should not catch in it."

30th.-The post this morning has more waste paper than ever. There are six prospectuses of joint-stock companies, most of them offering gold mines. Will Africa never cease blowing bubbles? It is not insignificant that money-lenders' letters are increasing in proportion. There are a couple to-day. One gentleman suggests "remunerative but not exorbitant interest," and writes in a boyish hand that is very frank and engaging. Indeed, I opened the letter first, thinking it was from Harry. The other fellow puts a crest on his envelope, a hound's head with the motto, "Fides in adversis,' which is even more touching. It strikes me that "a crocodile's head, the eyes distilling tears, all proper," with for motto "Beati pauperes," or "Dare quam accipere," would be much more appropriate. Then there is an enormous circular from a gentleman who is urgent that I should go with him on an educational tour to Jericho, or a co-operative cruise to shoot polar bears. And then there are the wine-lists. There is no such good reading to be had, if you lunch alone, as an advertiser's wine-list; to a person of imagination and gouty tendency it is more stimulating and far more innocuous than the wine itself. Indeed, I suspect that what these vintners sell is not half so precious as their description of it.

From The Spectator.

DAINTIES OF ANIMAL DIET.

The well-informed persons who wrote to the papers on the nature and uses of the persimmon, after the Prince of Wales's horse of that name won the Derby, omitted to notice that the fruit is in immense request as one of the dainties of animal diet. "Brer Rabbit" achieved not the least notable of his diplomatic triumphs by inducing the other animals to get him persimmons when they wanted them themselves; and in fact there is no other fruit, ex-

cept perhaps the watermelon, which is in more general request both among birds and beasts.

The taste for "dainties" among animals takes rather unexpected forms. Many flesh-eating creatures, for exselect as delicacies form of fruit, and take considerable trouble to gratify what is a taste for luxury rather than a necessity of diet. The Syrian foxes, "the little foxes which spoil the grapes," are not the only creatures of their tribe which go for food to the vineyards. Jackals do the same, and eat the fruit not only as a luxury, but as a medicine. The "grape cure" makes a marked difference in their condition, and animals which enter the vineyards suffering from mange are said to be restored to health very soon after their diet of grapes has begun. One British carnivorous animal, the marten, also seeks fruit as a dainty. In Sutherlandshire Mr. St. John discovered that some animal was stealing his raspberries, and setting a trap. caught in it a marten cub. Dogs will also eat fruit, though rarely. When they do they usually take a fancy to gooseberries; the present writer has met with two spaniels which had this taste, and would take the gooseberries from the trees, and put out the skins after eating the pulp.

In the annual report of the management of the menagerie of the Zoological Society, the item "onions" always figures largely in the bill for proven-Onions, as is well known to housekeepers, are an indispensable ingredient in very many dishes in which their presence is hardly recognized by those who would at once detect the smallest morsel of the vegetable if uncooked; and by most out-of-door populations. especially Spaniards Portuguese, they are eaten raw with bread as part of their staple food. But no English animal seems particularly fond of them, and it is not easy to guess for whose benefit they are in such request at the Zoo. bought mainly for the African antelopes and giraffes. All of the former, from the big roan antelopes to the min-

iature gazelles, "dote" on onions, and regard them as the greatest delicacy which can be offered for their acceptance. It is said by trainers that if a horse once becomes fond of sugar he can be taught any trick for the circus. Antelopes could probably be trained in the same way by rewards of onions. There is one drawback to their indulgence in this dainty, which leads to some restriction of its use at the Zoo. After an onion-breakfast the scent in the antelope-house, usually redolent of odorous hay and clover, is overpowering, and visitors who do not notice the fragments of onion-tops upon the floor are inclined to leave in haste, and class the antelopes among the other evilsmelling beasts of the menagerie. For the giraffes they were not only a bonne bouche, but also a very wholesome change in their ordinary food, and though the liking for the bulb is an acquired taste, for onions are not native to the South African veldt, the new giraffe is as fond of them as its pred-Deer show no particular ecessors. preference for onions; on the other hand, they prefer apples to any other dainty. In the Highlands the wild deer have no chance of invading an orchard; but on Exmoor and on the Quantock Hills, where they have now greatly increased in numbers, they leave the hillsides and thick plantations and rob orehards by moonlight. The stags thrust their horns among the appleboughs and shake off the fruit, and even leap up to strike the branches which are beyond their reach when standing. In enclosed parks red-deer find a substitute for apples in the small unripe horse-chestnuts which fall in dry weather. At the Sheen Lodge of Richmond Park, near which several chestnut-trees stand, the stags have been known to slip out through the gate to pick up the fallen fruit lying on the road. Fallow-deer seem less fond of fruit than the red-deer. Bread is the delicacy by which they are most tempted, though, except in such small enclosed parks as that of Magdalen College at Oxford, they are rarely tame enough to take it from the hand. At

Bushey Park, where the herbage is | unusually rich and the fallow-deer fatten more quickly than in any of the royal parks, there is one old buck who has acquired such a taste for bread that he has left the main herd, and established himself as a regular beggar near the Hampton Court Gate. The benches between this gate and the circular pond and fountain near the head of the great avenue are naturally favorite seats for Londoners who come down and bring their luncheon with them. The moment the buck sees a couple comfortably seated and a paper parcel produced and opened, he sidles up and gazes with all the expression of which his fine eyes are capable at the buns and bread-and-butter. If a piece be held out to him, he waltzes up, and stretching forward as far as he can without overbalancing, takes it from the hand. At this moment his dignity and grace somewhat decline, for his excitement is such that he curls his tail over his back, and looks like a terrier.

Hares, like most rodents, do not show strong preference in their choice of food; their chief "preference" being that there shall be plenty of it, and that it shall be green and tender. But they will come great distances to feed on carrots. Some Devonshire magistrates recently refused to convict a person charged with poaching a hare, on the ground that they, as sportsmen, did not believe that there was a hare in the parish in which the offence was alleged to have been committed. The facts rather favored this view, but the planting of a field of carrots in this hareless area soon attracted the animals. Rabbits, which are by consent able to get a living where no other quadruped can, become very select in their tastes where food is abundant, and soon seek In the gardens of a large house in Suffolk, adjoining a park in which rabbits swarmed before the passing of the Ground Game Act, it was found that some rabbits managed to effect an entrance every night, with a view to eating certain flowers. These were clove-pinks and verbenas.

No other flowers were touched, but the pinks were nipped off when they flowered, and the verbena plants devoured as soon as they were bedded out. Farmers have lately been advised to try feeding their stock on sugar, which is both cheap and fattening. This would be good hearing for many horses, which like nothing so well as lump-sugar; but neither cows nor pigs seem to be particularly fond of sweetstuff in this form, though the latter are very partial to raw, crushed sugarcane. But the pig. greedy and omnivorous when kept in a stye, and a very foul feeder on the New Zealand runs, is most particular in its choice of food when running wild in the English woods. Its special dainties are underground roots and tubers, and it is the only animal, except man, which appreciates and seeks for the truffle. For all these underground delicacies its scent is exquisitely keen. If by any mishap a pig enters a garden at the time when bulbs are planted it will plough up a row of snowdrops or crocus-roots, following the line as readily as if they lay exposed upon the surface. On the other hand. pigs seem to have discovered that raw potatoes are unwholesome. potatoes are devoured greedily; but the raw tuber is as a rule rejected, unless the animal is very hungry, and though pigs will sometimes root among the potato-mounds, it is in search of other food than potatoes. Stud-grooms have decided that carrots are the favorite dainty of the horse, and accordingly it has become part, in many stables, of the under-groom's duty to slice carrots and arrange them on a plate ready for the master or mistress to take to the horses when visiting them. They like apples equally well, but these do not always agree with them. There is, or was recently, at Guildford Station, a horse which would push a truck with its chest, when told to do so, instead of pulling it. This was very useful when it was desired to bring the truck up to the end of a siding, where there was no room for the horse to go in front and pull. It had been taught by a shunter, who sat in an empty truck and offered the horse a carrot. The horse would stretch its neck out, and push its chest against the wagon to take the carrot, and so start the wagon along the metals. It was then given the carrot, and soon learned that it was wanted to push and would be rewarded for doing so.

Donkeys are said to like thistles. They will eat them, and will even take them from the hand and eat them when other food is at hand. But they do not exhibit much enthusiasm for dainty, and would probably agree with Bottom that "Good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow." Camels, however, really enjoy them, and menagerie camels when on tour will eat every thistle they can pick by the roadside. This is a curious taste in dainties, but, like human fancies of the kind it has a sentimental background. The camel, it is said, eats the thistles because they are the nearest approach to the "vegetation" of its native desert.

> From Le Magasin Pittoresque (Paris). ETYMOLOGICAL SUPERSTITIONS.

It is difficult to understand how great is the influence of words on popular beliefs. When two terms present some similarity in pronunciation, this resemblance, remote though it be, suffices in the mind of the masses to estabbetween them a mysterious connection whence some legend arises. The history of language furnishes us with examples on all sides. It is thus that Hugh Capet appears in history as having a large head [Latin caput, head], that oil of lavender is extracted from the asp, and that bears and oxen have usurped the places of stars in the heavens. There was formerly, in the Alps, on the Italian frontier, a chapel dedicated to St. Vrain or Verein. This pious hermit, who lived in the sixth century of our era, was bishop of Cavaillon and was present at the second council of Macon in 585. On the site of this chapel was erected later a

tower, which bore the name of the Tower of St. Vrain, in Italian San Verene. When the memory of the bishop was effaced in the minds of men the term San Vereno, being no longer understood, was changed to sans veneno, an expression which was naturally translated [into French] sans venin [without poison], and this is the present name of the tower. however, were not able to stop here. A reason for this singular name was sought. Why was this tower "without poison"? The solution of the problem was soon found. The tower was called thus because near it no venomous animal could live, no poisonous plant flourish. History does not say to what distance the influence of the tower extends, but it certainly asserts that no poisonous thing can grow near it. If a scorpion, a viper, or even a spider ventures too near, it dies at once. The tower is "without poison." Thus an error in pronunciation, coming from a certain similarity between two words (vereno, veneno) gave rise to a legend that is to this day believed in the neighborhood to be as true as the Gospel.

The popular imagination attributes to certain saints a peculiar power over maladies and over the scourges ravage humanity. These beliefs have nothing to do with religion. The Church sets before us the saints as models whose virtues we ought to imitate, and as powerful intercessors with God; but she says nowhere that they have power to remove sickness, to preserve from lightning, or to assauge pestilence or famine. then, have these superstitious beliefs arisen? With a little attention it will be easy to see that there is in the whole thing only a question of homophony. Thus St. Clou has naturally for his specialty the cure of fever sores (clous). St. Main [French main, hand] and St. Genou [genou, knee] have power over affections of these parts of the body. St. Claire and St. Luce watch over the The department of hearing eyes. belongs to St. Ouen. [ouie] Mammès watches over maladies of the

breast [mamma]. St. Eutrope (whom the peasants call Strope) will cure the dropsy [Fr. hydropisie]. This saint has also the power to make peas grow. We do not know how this superstition arose but prudent gardeners never omit to plant their peas on St. Eutrope's day, certain to have an abundant crop. People subject to vertigo address themselves to St. Avertin, lunatics (in Italian, matti) to St. Mathurin. . . . When we are subject to dizziness we find that everything whirls [French, ca tourne], so we should pray at once to St. Saturnin. . . . We say that paralytics are "taken" [French, pris]. St. Pris is ready to come to their aid. Why does St. Anthony of Padua have the power to find lost objects? Because Padua is in Italian Padova, and lost objects were formerly called [in French] épaves.

From Cassell's Saturday Journal.
IN A LIGHTHOUSE.

Our British lighthouses serve more than their one main useful purpose of guiding ships aright. This fact was driven home to the writer's mind very comfortably a week or two ago when, but for a lighthouse, he and his companions would have been forced to spend a rather dismal night in a crofter's cottage already extremely overcrowded with the crofter's children, and scarcely provided with what may be called the luxuries of civilization. It was in the Orkneys. We were in a small boat and overtaken by a wild equinoctial gale. With the wind against us and a raging sea, there was no chance of getting home. It behoved us, indeed, to run before the storm with every precaution, and get ashore where we could. The result was that towards six o'clock of a March evening we landed, soaked and chilled to the bone, on the small island of Graemsay, somewhat doubtful of our fate. However, after another half-hour's struggle with the wind, we waded through much mud towards the small lighthouse of this

small island and threw ourselves upon the mercy of the keeper and his wife. We were received with every possible hospitality. The keeper's coats and trousers were brought forth for us and-let it be whispered-also his good wife's stockings. The parlor fire was lighted for us. Brandy was set before us to help our numbed blood to circulate properly; and, in short, we tested to the full the ability of a British lighthouse to play the part of a British hotel. Nothing could have been pleasanter than the cosy room in which we sat to our tea, with the roar of the storm outside against the solid stone pillar of the lighthouse. The crockery and spoons all bore the official stamp, so did most of the hundred or so books in the bookcase. But the eggs were laid by private fowls, the bannocks were home made, the cream was faultless, the raspberry jam was from an excellent factory, and our appetites were of the best. So far from being annoved by the invasion of three drenched strangers, our hosts really seemed delighted to see us. "It's an awful quiet life, as a rule," said the keeper's wife. "Just the winds and the waves and the few folks of the island."

After tea three new clay pipes and tobacco were set before us, as well as hot water for grog. The storm sounded worse than ever; it kept the windowframes in a continuous rattle-and nothing about a lighthouse is jerrybuilt. But we were as snug as birds in a nest. At eight o'clock the keeper came to see if he could do anything more for us ere he climbed to his watch-tower for a four-hours' spell of duty. He had a cup of tea in one hand and a pipe in the other. "No," he said, when we asked if he did not prefer a He found his pipe and his book. thoughts company enough. He and his assistant divided the night between them in four-hour spells. The day was their own, though of course there was always a vast deal of rubbing-up to be done among the lamps and fittings. A couple of hours later-with the storm still raging so that it was a struggle to fight across to the tower door-we

climbed in the dark to see our keeper on duty, in his pent little chamber at the top of the lighthouse. The roar of the wind up here was terrible. But the lamps all burned brightly, and cast their steady radiance on the dark invisible sea outside.

In this Orkney lighthouse, out of the way of much traffic, there was no fogbell. The keeper and his wife and the assistant and his wife were thus spared the prospect now and then of hours of the most depressing music imaginable. Unless the reader has experienced it, he cannot believe how dismal it is to be shut out on a lonely rock, alone with a great fog-bell, the fog itself, and the sea. Each note of that bell seems to get at the brain. "Toll, toll, toll," it goes, with just the interval between that the hearer is so mad to fill up anyhow. And this may be continuous for twenty-Our Orkney four hours or more! friend's watch-chamber was about three paces across. But he could amuse himself now and again by climbing to the grating and inspecting his lamps. And the wind had innumerable things to say to him, in the most peremptory manner. Also, he had his We wished him as cheery a "Good-night" as he gave us, and descended to our snug parlor, and later to our beds-with fire in the room as well as all other comforts. But that insistent wind everywhere about the place made sleep rather hard to come at. Come at length, however, it did. The morning gave us a quiet sea and an easy sail home, after we had persuaded our kindly hosts to accept from us (and it was not so easy as the sail) considerably less than we should have had to pay for accommodation in a third-class hotel.

From The Speaker. AN INTERRUPTED THANKSGIVING.

One September evening I was in a little village of the Eastern Counties whereat a Harvest Thanksgiving was to be held in a small chapel. Left as I was to my own resources, I passed into and round in streaming circle, and

the building and found a seat to the music of the voluntary, a violent march, pounded out from a wheezing harmonium. Upon this day even the strictest of Dissenters abates his dislike of symbol and ritual, and in pleasant confusion were heaped together corn and fruit, vegetable marrows and sunflowers, whilst colored texts, in surpassing discord of hues, strove to cover the sordid walls. Conspicuous in his glory, the village stationmaster paraded up and down the aisle, radiant in smiles and a brand-new uniform, putting to shame his less ornate colleague, who appeared in sober and dismal black.

In the seats were many women and but a sprinkling of men, one of whom, however, riveted my attention. He had weather-bitten face. lined seamed with the traces of open-air work; a face of dogged determination, but clouded with such despair as I never wish to see again. Of the service I remember little beyond the exulting face of the stationmaster as he handed around sheets of special hymns, sung to wondrously special tunes; but in time the first part closed, and the preacher somewhat nervously stood up. He was a very young man, fresh from books and college, with a knowledge of agriculture as profound as Mr. Winkle's of skating, although he had always felt, in common with his fellowtownsmen, that any one but the present farmers might make farming pay in numberless different ways.

I can recall nothing of the sermon: like the most of his hearers, I was vaguely looking through the open door (for the evening was very warm)-now watching the trees' long shadows slowly bend across the brown stubble, or across the green pastures where the cattle stood with that appropriateness of outline to which even a cow may attain in the distance of a summer evening, and now dreaming over the white moths that flitted along the graveyard hedge like white wraiths of those beneath. Then we would watch through the open window the gliding swifts as they shrilled round through it all, as a pleasing undertone, there hummed words... "for all His mercles... much to be thankful for ..." etc.

Suddenly the old farmer, whose face had won my attention, sprung to his feet and exclaimed, "Tis a lie!" and as his feelings overcame him he went on, "I can bear't no longer. I ha' come to harvest thanksgivings twenty year or more, but it breaks me last. Thanksgiving for harvest, when wheat's at twenty shillings a quarter, and the dry has brought the yield to two the acre. The pest's among the cattle and the pigs, and we ha' nowhere to turn for ought. My children ha' gone all across seas, for there was no help for 'em here, and I must leave the land I've been on since I can mind, because it isn't to be made to pay. Forty years have I been there, and I go, come Michaelmas, to find bread where I can. Talk o' sins as much as you please-Lord knows they must be many, for we're sore smitten for them-but for pity's sake talk no more of the mercies!" Then he trembled back into his seat, all his excitement

The silence that fell was unbroken by the preacher. He was but a lad and deserved sympathy, for the rest of what he would say was fled from himeven the splendid peroration which was to introduce most of the fruits of the earth, each with an appropriate epithet. At last he did what an older man might not have had wisdom to do. Quietly he said the Lord's Prayer, and that finished, the silence was again unbroken save by the sobs of the farmer who had brought a sermon to untimely end.

Then all went out, shocked and scandalized by such a breach of etiquette. Around the door the regular group assembled, with more to discuss than ever was known before. "Well, shocking, I do call it!" said the stationmaster. "What call had he for to listen if he wasn't suited? Couldn't he ha' looked at them texts I put on the wall myself?" And the sympathy of the audience went with the great official, who felt himself personally wronged.

Then an old laborer, whose rounded shoulders and forward-bending knees were telling of long work in damp fields and the inevitable rheumatism, remarked, half to himself, "Well, it fare to be an ill time for farmery folk. Lord help us all, for no one else will." And with that ringing in my head I went away.

C.

The Red Lake.-Lake Morat, in Switzerland, has a queer habit of turning red about two or three times every ten years. It is a pretty lake, like most of the sheets of water in that picturesque country, and its peculiar freak is attributed to a disposition to celebrate the slaughter of Burgundians under Charles the Bold, on June 21, 1476. But the French say that it blushes for the conduct of the Swiss, who in that battle gave the Burgundians no quarter. The old fishermen of the lake, who catch enormous fish called silures that weigh between twenty-five and forty kilograms, say when they see the waters of the lake reddening, that it is the blood of the Burgundians. As a matter of fact, some of the bodies of the Burgundians killed in the battle were thrown into the lake, while others were

tossed into a grave filled with quicklime. This historical recollection angered the Burgundian soldiers of the victorious armies of the republic of 1708 so much that they destroyed the monument raised in honor of their compatriots who fell heroically in that battle, and Henri Martin very justly reproached them for that piece of vandalism. It would hardly do to attribute the reddening of the waters of the lake to the blood of the soldiers of Charles the Bold. The color is due simply to the presence in large quantities of little aquatic plants called by naturalists Oscillatoria rubescens. The curious thing about it is that Lake Morat is the only lake in which this curious growth is developed, and the peculiarity is beginning to interest scientific men.

